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CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTINENTAL PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.*

No. III.—COUSIN CRITICISED.

WE diverge for a while from the volumes in the reviewal of which we have already made some progress, to some other works which have reached us in connexion with their subject. Continental Transcendentalism is not without its antagonists in America, and by some is even erroneously considered as the "latest form of infidelity!" They who are of this opinion, are persons who consider themselves as *orthodox* Unitarians. It will amuse the High-Church party in this country to learn that American Unitarians consider certain persons, privileges, claims, or opinions as heterodox from their sectarian standard. The denounced persons, however, will be found less sectarian than the orthodox, and as such will find more favour with the catholic mind than

* A Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity; delivered at the request of the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School," on the 19th of July, 1839, with notes by ANDREWS NORTON. America, Cambridge: published by John Owen. 1839.

The Latest Form of Infidelity Examined. Letters on the Latest Form of Infidelity, including a View of the Opinions of Spinoza, Schleiermacher, and De Witte. By GEORGE RIPLEY. Boston: James Munroe and Company. 1840.

Two Articles from the Princeton Review:—Transcendentalism of the Germans and of Cousin, and its influence on opinion in this country; recommended by ANDREWS NORTON. America, Cambridge: published by John Owen. 1840.

1. Elements of Psychology, included in a Critical Examination of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," with Additional Pieces. By VICTOR COUSIN, Peer of France, Member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction, Member of the Institute, and Professor of the History of Ancient Philosophy in the Faculty of Literature. Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. C. S. HENRY, D.D. Second Edition, prepared for the Use of Colleges. New York: Gould and Newman. 1838. pp. 423. 12mo.

2. Introduction to the History of Philosophy. By VICTOR COUSIN, Professor of Philosophy of the Faculty of Literature at Paris. Translated from the French, by HENNINGE GOTTFRIED LINBERG. Boston, America. 1832. pp. 458, 8vo.

3. An Address delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, Sunday, 15th July, 1838. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston, America: pp. 31, 8vo.

The Dial, a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion—to be continued quarterly, No. 1, July 1840, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and MISS S. M. FULLER. America, Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Company, 121, Washington Street. 1840.

their opponents. For two years the *Boston Quarterly Review* existed as the organ of the Unitarian heterodoxy. *The Dial*, enumerated among the books above, is commenced for the same end.

The views indicated in *the Dial* are the same as those proposed by ourselves in the *Monthly Magazine*, and which, thank heaven, we have been enabled to maintain, and hope still to maintain, without suspicion of heterodoxy—whether in philosophy, morals, or religion—in the latter, particularly, having in every way solicitously preserved an orthodox position with respect to the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, of which we are members. In all cases we appeal to conscience, tradition, and Scripture, and would not willingly be found offending against the authority of either.

The controversy with which we are now dealing lies between Messrs. Norton and Ripley—the former attacking transcendental philosophy, under the name of the latest infidelity, and the latter defending it as the maturest Christianity. Mr. Ripley's *Letters* are, in fact, a triumphant answer to Mr. Norton's *Discourse*, to both which, from want of room, we must refer the reader for full satisfaction.

The tractate on German Transcendentalism, the sentiments of which being recommended by Professor Norton, we shall take the liberty of quoting as his, is very valuable, as embodying not only the notions of American objectors, but those of its antagonists on this side the Atlantic. We fear that we shall not have space this month to do more than state these objections, as our press arrangements require that the present article shall be a brief one. This is, however, something, and will lead to more.

The first objection taken by the class of opponents represented by Mr. Norton is, that they feel themselves unqualified for the argument, and that therefore the argument must be bad. "What," asks the professor, "is this vaunted German philosophy, of which our young men have learned the jargon? We shall endeavour to give an intelligible answer to so reasonable an inquiry. In attempting to offer a few satisfactory paragraphs on this, it is far from our purpose to profess to be adepts. We have seen a little, heard a little, and read a little, respecting it. We have even during the last fifteen years turned over one or two volumes of German metaphysics, and understood perhaps almost as much as some who have become masters; yet we disclaim a full comprehension of the several systems. The Anglo-Saxon *Dummheit*, with which Germans charge the English, reigns we fear in us, after an inveterate sort. We have tried the experiment, and proved ourselves unable to see in a fog. Our night-glasses do not reach the transcendental. In a word, we are born without the *Anschaunungsvermögen*; and this defect, we are persuaded, will 'stick to our last sand.' We once said to a German friend, speaking of Schleiermacher, 'But we do not understand his book.' 'Understand it!' cried the other with amazement, 'what then? but do not you *feel* it?' We deem ourselves competent, nevertheless, to give the plain reader some notices of the progress of transcendental philosophy."

Wherein this competency consists we are at a loss to learn, in the absence of the only qualification on which it depends. Accordingly, we find Mr. Norton giving an account of the system of Kant in such terms as

to prejudice the reader against it, and yet detect him in a subsequent note to another part of his argument confessing that "Kant is altogether exempt from the charge of pantheism, representing God as 'not by any means a blind, acting, eternal *Nature*, the Root of all things, but a supreme Being, who, by understanding and freedom, is the author of all things.'" Now, pantheism is the charge brought by this and other writers of his stamp against all transcendental systems. If Kant be confessed free from this charge, why object to his philosophy?—Why, but because it is philosophy, and as such, an *à priori* method of synthesizing, which said critics are incapable of appreciating?

E. g.—"We do not wish to be understood as comprehending this profane modification of atheism, for we almost tremble while we write, we will not say at the notions, but the expressions of men who treat of the genesis of divinity, as coolly as Hesiod of the birth of gods; yet we will proceed."

Again,—“It would be difficult to define precisely how far the philosophical system, which Dr. Henry is seeking to domiciliate among us, agrees with the mis-shapen phantasies which we have brought before the notice of our readers. When language has ceased to be the representative of ideas, it is not easy to tell what are intended to be equivalent forms of speech. M. Cousin, moreover, professes to discard the phraseology of Kant, even where he adopts his ideas, and deprives us thus far of the means of recognition. But unhappily we do not find, that the 'way in which men express themselves in France' is any more intelligible than the dialect of 'Königsberg.' Even Mr. Limberg, 'the accomplished translator' and admirer of Cousin, finds it difficult occasionally to understand what M. Cousin precisely means, and M. Cousin himself now and then betrays an obscure consciousness of having 'reached a height, where he is, as it were, out of sight of land.'

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“The applications of M. Cousin's philosophy are to us, however, more valuable than the scientific exposition of his principles. The formulas of transcendentalism are, in most cases, as Berkeley styled the vanishing ratios of the modern mathematical analysis, 'the mere ghosts of departed quantities;' but, when the truths which they are supposed to contain, are applied to morals and religion, they assume a more substantial form. Here at least we can try the spirits by the test of what we already know to be true. Our only elements for a judgement upon the trackless path of German philosophy are afforded by its line of direction, while within the scope of our vision.”

Again,—“As there are certain limits to intellectual powers, which the immortal Locke endeavoured to ascertain, and beyond which we float in the region of midnight, so those who have forgotten these cautions have in their most original speculations only reproduced the delirium of other times, which in the cycle of opinion has come back upon us 'like a phantasma or a hideous dream.' In the French imitation, no less than the German original, there is a perpetual self-delusion practised by the philosopher, who plays with words as a child with lettered cards, and combines what ought to be the symbols of

thought, into expressions unmeaning and self-contradictory. And as in this operation he cannot but be aware, that these expressions are the exponents of no conceptions of the intellect, he demands, as the only possible prop of his system, a specific faculty for the absolute, the unconditioned; and—may we not add?—the absurd! Thus Fichte asked of all such as would aspire to his primary, free, and creative act of the *Ich* or *Ego*, a certain power called the *Anschauungsvermögen*. It is the want of these optics, alas! which spoils us for philosophers. Reinhold, who often combated, and sometimes rallied, his old friend, avowed, that he was utterly destitute of this sense, a misfortune, adds M. Degerando, common to him with all the rest of the world. It is, however, the happy portion of the absolute Philosophers, the Behmenites, the Gnostics, the Soofies, the Buddhists, and a few of the Americans."

Again,—“If any, overcome by the *prestige* of the new philosophy, as transatlantic, or as new, are ready to repeat dogmas which neither they, nor the inventors of them, can comprehend, and which approach the dialect of Bedlam, we crave to be exempt from the number, and will contentedly abstain for life from ‘the high *priori* road.’”

But enough of these citations, which prove only that the *natural man understands not the things of the spiritual man*, and is therefore incapable of appreciating them. We do not expect such writers to feel that the spiritual man knows also the things of the natural man. Nevertheless, such is the position of the parties in this dispute—they are unequally matched. All knowledge, short of self-knowledge, is but half-knowledge, while self-knowledge is the wisdom that knoweth all things.

The next objection of these pseudo critics against transcendentalism is derived from its poetical character. “A hundred times,” says the Princeton Reviewer, “in passing over Cousin’s pages, we have been constrained to ask, is this philosophy or is it poetry? It can surely make no pretensions to the one, and it is but sorry stuff if meant for the other.” Ah! they know not that the highest philosophy and the highest poetry are identical. Both rest in the same intuitions—and without intuition are alike nothing. This notion that philosophy should be prosaic and not poetical, is the root of the error with such critics. We are also inclined to believe that even in poetry such judges mistake poetic diction, or at any rate a certain sentimentality, for poetry, and even in the truest poetry apprehend only the words and not the spirit. The following passage embodies both objections.

“Such, then, is this latest form of infidelity. It knows no intelligent or conscious God but man; it admits no incarnation but the eternal incarnation of the universal spirit in the human race; the personality of men ceases with their present existence; they are but momentary manifestations of the infinite and unending; there is neither sin nor holiness; neither heaven nor hell. Such are the results to which the proud philosophy of the nineteenth century has brought its followers. We have not drawn this picture. We have purposely presented it as drawn by men, with regard to whose opportunities and competency there can be no room for cavil. It might be supposed, that a system so shocking as this, which destroys all religion and all

morality, could be adopted by none but the insane or the abandoned; that it might be left as St.-Simonianism, Owenism, or Mormonism, to die of its own viciousness. This supposition, however, overlooks the real nature of the system. We have presented it in its offensive nakedness. It is not thus that it addresses itself to the uninitiated or the timid. What is more offensive than Romanism, when stripped of its disguises? yet what more seductive in its bearing, for the vast majority of men? There is every thing to facilitate the progress of this new philosophy. It has its side for all classes of men. For the contemplative and the sentimentally devout, it has its mysticism, its vagueness, its vastness. It allows them to call wonder, a sense of the sublime or of the beautiful, religion. For the poet, too, it has its enchantments, as it gives consciousness and life to every thing, and makes all things expressive of one infinite, endless mind. For the proud, no Circe ever mingled half so intoxicating a cup. 'Ye shall be as God,' said the Arch-tempter of our race: 'Ye are God,' is what he now whispers into willing ears," &c. &c.

A third objection is derived from the transcendental philosophy being supposed of German origin.

To this we reply, that undoubtedly it is desirable to have a philosophy of home growth—but we would observe, that this same transcendental philosophy, in fact, preceded Bacon's in the common country of ourselves and of the fathers of our transatlantic brethren; and that previous to the existence of English literature altogether, it flourished in the East, where it still flourishes (a fact which Mr. Norton strangely enough adduces against its verity)—nay, that it was of paradisaic origin, being figured in the Mosaic record as the unforbidden tree of life, or, according to the interpretation in Solomon's Proverbs, wisdom as distinguished from knowledge. In tracing it thus to the garden of Eden, we trace it to the father-land of all of us. In what country, then, can it be other than of home-growth? Nay—what human heart is there that utters it not in its hopes and its fears, its aspirations and its depressions? The transcendental intelligence is none other than "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and every system of transcendentalism is only a more or less partial development or description thereof, and is in such proportion more or less true. No one can give the *whole* truth—and only in pretending to give the *whole* truth can lie. Wherever there is man, this philosophy must be of home growth; but it has been completely developed nowhere. So far as every system is incomplete it is erroneous—and this is the case with every system. We are not, therefore, surprised that Mr. Norton can find omissions in all these systems, but his charges of "Atheism," "Pantheism," and of a "reprobate mind," are so many gratuitous assumptions—or rather words with which the critic has frightened himself, and would fain frighten his readers. What, however, he says of Eclecticism itself is true, both in the letter and the spirit. "Cousin," says Mr. Norton, "glories in the name of Eclectic, and claims to be the founder of a new school, which is to comprehend and supersede all others. 'Our philosophy,' he says, 'is not a gloomy and fanatical philosophy, which, being prepossessed with a few exclusive ideas, undertakes to reform all others upon the same model: it is a philosophy essentially optimistical, whose only end is to compre-

hend all, and which therefore accepts and reconciles all.' It is a fundamental position with M. Cousin, that every form of belief that has existed contains within it some truth; and he seems to be equally strong in the faith, that in his philosophical alembic every creed will part with its error. He finds in the eighteenth century four philosophical schools, which he designates as the Sensual, the Ideal, the Sceptical, and the Mystical. Each of these schools has existed, and therefore truth is to be found in each, and can only be entirely obtained by effecting a composition between them all. But where are we to find the test that will separate the elements of truth and error combined in each of these systems? And where the principle of unity which is to group together the particular truths disengaged from each? These can only be found in a new system. But this system, according to M. Cousin's reasoning, as it exists in common with many others, can contain only a portion of truth, and the skimming process must be applied to this in common with the rest. We see no end to this method of exhaustions. M. Cousin's philosophy has in truth no better claim to the name and character of eclectic than any other system. It accepts what agrees with its own principles, and rejects what does not, and this is precisely what every other system does.

"If further evidence were wanting of the affectation and charlatanry of this title, it might be abundantly found in the additional reasons which M. Cousin assigns for assuming it. One of these is, that consciousness demands eclecticism. And the case is thus made out. 'Being, the me, and the not-me, are the three indestructible elements of consciousness: not only do we find them in the actual developement of consciousness, but we find them in the first facts of consciousness as in the last; and so intimately are they combined with each other, that if you destroy but one of these three elements you destroy all the rest. There you behold *eclecticism* within the limits of consciousness, in its elements, which are all equally real, but which, to form a psychological theory, need all to be combined with each other. Another reason is, that 'even logic demands eclecticism,' for all systems of logic turn either upon the idea of cause, or that of substance; and, from the alternate neglect of one or the other of these ideas, we have the 'two great systems which at the present day are distinguished by the names of theism and pantheism.' Of these systems, the author adds, that 'both the one and the other are equally exclusive and false.' Hence even logic demands eclecticism. But the most amusing argument, which M. Cousin urges in behalf of eclecticism is, that which he draws from the spirit and tendencies of the age. We cannot follow him through it, as it is spread over seventeen octavo pages. He rejects from consideration England and Scotland, on the ground of their lack of philosophy, and pronounces Germany and France to be the only two nations worthy of notice. He passes in review the general state of philosophy and of society in these two nations, declaims upon the French monarchy, the revolution, and the Charte,—and at length arrives at this conclusion: 'If all around us is mixed, complex, and mingled, is it possible, that philosophy should be exempt from the influence of the general spirit? I ask, whether philosophy can avoid being eclectic when all that is around it is so; and whether, consequently, the philosophical reformation which I undertook in 1816, in

spite of every obstacle, does not necessarily proceed from the general movement of society throughout Europe, and particularly in France? There is something in all this that is either above or below our comprehension. We can readily conceive, that they who see and feel its force, would find no impediment to glorying in the fancied possession of the culled wisdom of all other sects.

“Before dismissing this point, it is right that we should hear Dr. Henry’s account of the boastful title of the new school in philosophy. ‘Its *eclectic* character consists precisely in the pretension of applying its own distinctive principles to the criticism of all other systems, discriminating in each its part of truth and its part of error,—and combining the part of truth found in every partial, exclusive, and therefore erroneous system, into a higher, comprehensive system.’ If we rightly apprehend the writer’s meaning here, it involves a strange confusion of ideas. Eclecticism, he maintains, is a distinct, scientific theory, possessing its own method and principles, and of course reduced to a system. And yet its method and principles are applied to all existing systems, to gather from them the materials for a higher and comprehensive system, which is to embrace the whole. The test to be applied implies the existence of a philosophical creed, and yet this creed is still to be formed from the parts of truth extracted, by the application of itself, to all others! The system of M. Cousin has, in truth, no more claim to the title of eclectic, than any other that has ever existed. It is quite as *Procustean* in its character as others, stretching or lopping off to suit its own dimensions, and differing from them, in this respect, only in its catholic pretensions.”

All this is perfectly correct. There can, in fact, be no scientific Eclecticism. Whether a man derive the elements and corroborations of his own belief from within or without, it forms for him and others a separate and distinct theory, constructed in reference to a particular standard, and valid for individual results. Eclecticism or Syncretism is only good as a moral sentiment, as a benevolent disposition on the part of individuals to agree with one another as men, and thus to unite in the accomplishment of the worthiest purposes that can be suggested and made to appear so to many minds in common.

We must, then, consider Cousin’s as a separate and distinct system by itself, and not as a theory composed of selected portions of other theories. It is a system that assumes and requires the existence and recognition of the principle of faith, and proposes to convert the sceptic by showing to him the invalidity of doubt—a point in the argument which is angrily misunderstood by Mr. Norton. Indeed, he is at fault in the very first principles of philosophy, which require a proper definition of the terms Time and Eternity. We are surprised at Mr. Norton’s gross blunder on this head, since he seems to show some appreciation of Kant, however much he condemns his successors, including in the condemnation our own late dear, S. T. Coleridge, and our own present no less dear Thomas Carlyle, of whom he writes insane blasphemies not to be uttered. However erroneous may be some of the doctrines of some of the men Mr. Norton mentions, the unphilosophical character of his own mind impairs much the value of his advocacy.

“That there was ever a time when there was nothing,” said Cole-

ridge, "is a self-contradictory proposition; and so it must be to every mind that has learned to distinguish time from eternity." But what says Mr. Norton? "We find matter now in existence. Unless it has existed eternally, there was a time when it did not exist." That is, there was a time when there was nothing. What he should have said is this—"Unless matter has existed eternally, time and matter are coeval, and both had a beginning." This is the true proposition, if the philosophical definitions of the two terms be attended to—which are, that eternity is simple duration, and time is duration with succession. Prior to time and matter is eternity, and that throughout every link of the series as well as the first.

We have now arrived at the limits of our present space, but we shall resume the subject, the canvassing of which is even more requisite for England than for the United States. We should be much delighted if sufficient interest be excited here in the discussion as to promote controversy, however virulent. We are prepared to meet it; nay, will grant room for it even in our pages, if any combatant, properly instructed, is desirous of adventuring.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.

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CHAPTER II.

MIND AND MATTER, LIFE AND ORGANIZATION.

By connecting the science of medicine with the philosophy of the human mind, we are placing the former on the highest vantage ground to which it is susceptible of attaining. The practitioner of medicine ought to be endued with the true spirit of a philosopher. It may be true that it does not require a very expanded or elevated tone of mind in order to enable the physician or surgeon to wield the agents of the *materia medica*; but he who conceives that the art of treating disease consists in the exhibition of medicinals, entertains an ignoble idea of the principles of his profession. Medicine ought not to be practised as a trade, but as a *science*. A physician is not an artizan, but a philosopher; and although he may occasionally have to avail himself of physical agents for the removal of physical and mental ailments, the great and important principle of treatment consists in acting upon the body through the medium of the mind. In order to do this effectually, how essentially necessary it is that the medical man should be thoroughly versed in a knowledge of the human understanding, its passions, idiosyncracies, and reciprocities of action. If this view of the matter is admitted to be correct, the whole system of medical education must be altered. Physical truths may enlarge the mind, and are necessary to the philosopher and the man of science; but they will not alone fit the physician for the arduous duties of his profession. He must be educated as a moral and intellectual being;—as he will have to make available mental influence in the treatment of disease—to act upon the minds of those with whom he is brought

in contact,—how important it is that his own understanding should be subjected to a very high amount of expansion and cultivation.

“He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endu'd
With depth of understanding, height of courage.”

MASSINGER.

Before entering upon the consideration of the various intellectual faculties, passions, &c. exhibiting their normal and abnormal conditions, and deducing therefrom principles to guide us in their management, I would endeavour to establish how far our knowledge of mental phenomena extends, and to show the futility of attempting to pass the boundary prescribed to finite understandings. In the course of this inquiry it will be impossible to avoid alluding cursorily to many points with respect to which much difference of opinion exists. The connexion between mind and matter, life and organization, are topics of absorbing interest; and although these great speculative questions have excited much acrimony in the minds of those who ought to be most free from a feeling of this kind, the struggle has not altogether been unproductive of useful results.

In demonstrating the influence of mind on body, or body on mind, the consideration of the dependence of mental and vital phenomena on a particular kind of organization cannot with propriety be omitted. If the inquiry is productive of no other advantage than that of humbling our pride by exposing our ignorance of the mysterious principle of life, it cannot fail of being beneficial to the mind.

In this chapter the following points will *seriatim* merit consideration:—

1. What is understood by the term mind.
2. The connexion between mind and matter.
3. Materialism considered.
4. Life and organization.
5. Human, animal, and vegetable instincts.

The Latin word *mens*, or mind, which is now used to express in the aggregate all the intellectual operations, signified originally that which knows or understands, and is derived from the root *mena*, to know. The word soul was used by the ancients to express simply the animating principle.

The Celts gave their soul the name of “seel,” of which the English have made soul, while the Germans retain *seel*. The Greek philosophers distinguished three sorts of souls:—“Psyche” signifying the sensitive soul—the soul of the senses; and hence it was that Love, the son of Aphrodite, had so much passion for Psyche, and that she loved him so tenderly: “Pneuma,” the breath, which gave life and motion to the whole machine, and which we have rendered by “spiritus,”—spirit, a vague term, which has received a thousand different acceptations: and lastly, “nous,” intelligence. Thus according to the Greeks, we have three souls;—Pneuma was spread *throughout the body*; Psyche was in the *breast*; and nous in the *head*.

Prior, the poet, wrote the history of the soul, under the title of “Alma.” The soul, according to “Alma,” resides at first in the extremities, in the feet and hands of children, and from thence gradu-

ally ascends, at the age of puberty, to the centre of the body. The next step is to the heart, in which it engenders sentiments of love and heroism; thence it mounts to the head at a mature age, where it reasons as well as it is able; and in old age it is not known what becomes of it,—it is the sap of an aged tree which evaporates, and is not renewed again.*

“The notion we annex to the words matter and mind,” says Reed, “is merely relative. If I am asked what I mean by matter, I can only explain myself by saying, it is that which is extended, figured, coloured, moveable, hard, rough and smooth, hot or cold; that is, I can define it in no other way than by enumerating its sensible qualities. It is not matter or body which I perceive by my senses, but only extension, figure, colour, and certain other qualities which the constitution of my nature leads me to refer to something which is extended, figured, and coloured. The case is precisely similar with respect to mind. We are not immediately conscious of its existence, but we are of sensation, thought, volition—operations which imply the existence of something which feels, thinks, wills, &c.”

Newton was asked, why he stepped forward when he was so inclined, and from what cause his arm obeyed his will? He honestly replied that he knew nothing about the matter. If we were to follow the example of this great philosopher, and modestly admit our ignorance of those subjects about which we really have no knowledge, we should have a just conception of the shallow pretensions of man to universal wisdom. No undertaking would perhaps prove more beneficial to mankind than that which endeavoured to draw a correct line of demarcation between what is really known, and that which is merely conjecture.

Our notion of the nature of mind is as limited as our knowledge of material substances. “When we wish to have a rude knowledge of a piece of metal,” says a great French philosopher, “we put it on the fire in a crucible; but have we any crucible wherein to put the soul? Is it spirit? says one;—but what is spirit? Assuredly, no one knows. This is a word so void of meaning, that to tell what spirit is, you are obliged to say what it is not. The soul is matter, says another; but what is matter? We know nothing of it but a few appearances and properties; and not one of these properties, not one of these appearances, can bear the least affinity to thought.” If we look into the Mosaic records for information, we should feel inclined to believe the soul to be a kind of divine breath, vapour, or aura, or to have proceeded from such a substance; for “God breathed into man’s nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.” It is also stated in another part of the Scriptures that the blood is the life of man; and a distinction is drawn between mind, soul, and spirit; so that our knowledge derived from the Bible on this subject is vague and indeterminate. What do we know of the nature of spirit, mind, or soul? All we know for a certainty, is that we think, reason, judge, that we possess

* Prior was originally an attendant at a tavern kept by his uncle, where the Earl of Dorset, a good poet himself, and a lover of the bottle, one day surprised him reading Horace, in the same manner as Lord Ailsa found his gardener reading Newton. Ailsa made his gardener a good geometrician, and Dorset made a very agreeable poet of his vintner.

a will, &c ; and a knowledge of these phenomena we derive from consciousness, and we denominate them effects of an undefinable and inscrutable principle, which we designate by the term mind, or soul. Any other word would do equally well to denote the principle which we call mind ; but these terms being universally used, and their acception generally known, it is not necessary to substitute any other in their place.

That the brain is the organ, or medium through which the operations of the mind are made manifest, has become an unquestionable axiom in physiology. It is proved by such a mass of overwhelming evidence, that it has become almost unnecessary to establish the fact. In tracing back inquiry up to the spring-head and source of all volition, it stops at the brain, as the only tangible and legitimate organ of all mental action.*

As we trace the different gradations in the scale of animal creation, we find intelligence increase in a ratio to a complicated organic nervous structure. Where we can discover no nervous system or brain, there we find the lowest amount of instinct and mental endowment.

We find the brain or spinal marrow united to every part of the body by nerves, which either terminate or originate in the sentient organ. These are the only channels of sensation. If the nervous continuity be destroyed the person becomes immediately deprived of sensation and perception. Divide the nerve of sensation going from the brain to the hand, and you may cut and burn the latter, and no sensation of pain will be felt. Sight is immediately suspended by disease of the optic nerve. A deprivation of the sense of smell and hearing also takes place when the nerves going to the ear and nose are prevented from conveying impressions to the sensorium. The slightest pressure on the substance of the brain deprives an animal of sense and motion, and in man suspends the operations of the mind. If venous, instead of arterial blood, be sent to the brain, asphyxia immediately results. This close relationship between the intelligent principle and the brain has given rise to much controversy respecting the independent existence of mind. Many have maintained that the mental faculties are as much the result of the organism of the human brain, as digestion is the effect of a particular conformation of matter denominated the stomach, and that it is absurd to conceive that the mind can exist as an abstract essence. Those who endeavour to establish an identity between organic nervous structure and mental phenomena overlook the impor-

2 * In all the inferior orders of the animal creation, where instincts are multiplied, while the indications of intellect are feeble, the organ which performs the office of the brain is comparatively small. The sensitive existence of these animals appears to be circumscribed within the perceptions of the moment, and their voluntary actions have reference chiefly to objects which are present to the sense. In proportion as the intellectual faculties of animals are multiplied, and embrace a wider sphere, additional magnitude and complication of structure are given to the nervous substance which is the organ of those faculties. The greater the power of combining the ideas, and of retaining them in the memory, the greater do we find the development of the cerebral hemispheres. These parts of the brain are comparatively small in fishes, reptiles, and the greater number of birds ; but in such mamalia they are expanded in a degree proportional to the extent of memory, sagacity, and docility. In man, in whom all the faculties of sense and intellect are so harmoniously combined, the brain is not only the largest in its size, but beyond all comparison the most complicated in its structure.

tant fact that the brain has been most seriously injured without producing any interruption to its manifestations. Dr. Ferrier* adduces a variety of instances, in which the brain was partly or wholly destroyed, where the mind did not suffer any diminution of power.

Abercrombie relates the case of a lady, in whom one half of the brain was reduced to a mass of disease, but who retained all her faculties to the last, except that there was an imperfection of vision, and had been enjoying herself at a convivial party at the house of a friend, a few hours before her dissolution. Dr. Ferrier refers to the case of a man who expired suddenly, and who retained to the last moment a perfect use of his intellect. After death it was found that half his brain was destroyed by suppuration. A man mentioned by Halaran suffered such a severe injury of the head that a large portion of the bone was removed on the right side, and extensive suppuration taking place, there was discharged at each dressing through the opening, an immense quantity of matter mixed with large masses of the substance of the brain. This went on for seventeen days, and it appears that nearly one-half of the brain was thrown out mixed with the matter; but the man retained all his intellectual faculties to the very moment of dissolution, and, through the whole course of the disease, his mind maintained uniform tranquillity.†

Although ready to admit a very close relationship between the brain and operations of the mind, these facts, independently of *à priori* reasoning, are sufficient to convince the most sceptical that the mental principle is not the effect of nervous organization.

Dr. Priestly is the great advocate for the materiality of the mind. He rejects the commonly received notion of matter, as an absolutely impenetrable, inert substance, and premising that the powers of sensation, perception, thought, have never been found but in conjunction with a certain organized system of matter, maintains that these powers necessarily exist in and depend upon such a system. In proof of this doctrine he alleges that perception and thought are not incompatible with the properties of matter, considered as a substance exalted and endued with the powers of attraction and repulsion; and, therefore, if one kind of substance be capable of supporting all the known pro-

* Philosophical Transactions of Manchester.

3 † As to the sensibility in those parts of the brain supposed to be the seat of the intellectual faculties, Sir Charles Bell observes, that we ought not to expect the same phenomena to result from the cutting or tearing of the brain, as from injury done to the nerves. The function of the latter is to transmit sensation, that of the former is higher, and this is inferred from its being insensible. "If on examining the structure of the brain," says this eminent physiologist, "we find a part consisting of white medullary striæ, and fasciculated like a nerve, we should conclude, that as the use of the nerve is to transmit sensation, such tracks of matter are media of communication connecting parts of the brain. If masses are found in the brain unlike the matter of the nerves, and which yet occupy a place guarded as an organ of importance, and holding evidently important relations, we may presume that such parts have uses different from that of merely conveying sensation; we may rather look upon such as the seat of the higher powers. I have found," continues the same authority, "at different times all the internal parts of the brain diseased, without loss of sense, but I have never seen disease general on the surfaces of the hemispheres without derangement of the mind. If I be correct in this view of the subject, then the experiments made upon the brain tend to confirm the conclusions which I should be inclined to draw from anatomy, viz. :—that the cineritious and superficial parts of the brain are the seat of the intellectual functions."

perties of man, true philosophy, which will not authorize us to multiply causes or kinds of substance without necessity, will forbid us to admit the existence of any principle essentially from matter. He boldly asserts that "there is the same reason to conclude that the powers of sensation and thought are the necessary result of a particular organization as that sound is the necessary result of a particular concussion of air." It has been well argued by the learned Dr. Barclay, in opposition to the views of Dr. Priestly, that if you admit that vital phenomena depend on organism for its existence, by parity of reason we ought to demonstrate that the genius of an artist depends both for its vigour and existence on the nature of his tools. If the vital phenomena cannot be displayed but through the medium of a visible structure, so neither can the genius of the artist but through the medium of those tools which are absolutely essential to the execution of his designs. If the mental principle appear and disappear just in proportion to that state of the organs necessary to its existence, so will also the designs of the artist. As tools imply the previous existence of life in the person who formed them, so all the organisms to be found in the animal and vegetable kingdom as necessarily imply the previous existence of vital phenomena.

Those who contend mind and life to be the result of organization ought to explain in what manner the organization itself took place; they should show the means employed to produce the disposition of parts which they conceive requisite to give rise to intelligence. If they deny the primary influence of a vital power associated with the particles of matter, let them explain by what other agency the atoms can assume organic actions. All effects must have a cause, and it is better to assign one according to which difficulties can be accounted for, than to contend for the efficacy of properties or powers, of the existence of which we have no evidence, and which even granting them to exist, can only be considered as inferior agents, or peculiar manifestations of a vital principle.* (An unanswerable argument against the materialists may be deduced from the Mosaic account of the creation of man. It is recorded in the Old Testament, that, after God created man out of the dust of the earth, he "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." If life had depended upon organization, the principle of vitality would have manifested itself in proportion as the body became an organized structure.†

* Richrand.

† The brain has been attentively examined, but no analogy can be most distinctly traced between the anatomy and function of the organized mass. Philosophers, with more zeal than judgment, have sacrificed their time and health to the study of the minute anatomy of the brain, hoping to discover the connexion between its structure and uses, but with little success. It has been recorded of the learned Goltz, that he devoted all his life with a sort of enthusiastic madness to the study of the brain. His biographer thus speaks of him:—"Mr. Herman Goltz passed many years in anatomical examination of that delicate viscus, the brain, endeavouring to discover some coincidence between its marvellous structure and its important uses. To this end, the whole concentrated force of his acute intellect was directed. Sometimes he was elevated by the hope that he had ascertained the source of the reasoning faculty, and the seat in which the passions are hatched; but these gleams of success were transient, and were succeeded by total obscurity. At one period, he conceived that he had actually drawn aside the curtain, and beheld the mysterious processes that are performed in the occult laboratory of

Those philosophers who are so anxious to ascribe every thing to matter, should recollect, that no species of organism whatever, to be found in the animal or vegetable kingdom, or even among the works of art, has ever been known actually to exist where vital phenomena had not preceded, exhibiting itself either within the organism, or in some other organism endowed with life. It seems to be, therefore, not only a natural, but a necessary conclusion, that so far is organism from being the cause, that it is rather the effect of vital phenomena; and hence it follows, that the materials of food and drink, like the kinds of materials composing an automaton, may enter into thousands and myriads of structures, having no more concern in regulating the size, proportions, or forms, than the timbers and metals have in devising the plan of a ship, a church, or a palace, into which they may enter with all their chemical affinities, but must enter merely as the materials, and not as the architects or the contrivers.*

The materialist should demonstrate to us how a particular combination of nervous or cerebral fibre can originate judgment, hatred, remorse, self-love, pride, &c. If these mental operations are but the consequence of a peculiar arrangement of brain, this organ must be constantly undergoing structural alterations. When the actor, in the exercise of his profession, assumes the semblance of any passion, when he "mimics sorrow when the heart's not sad," does that portion of the brain supposed to be the seat of the mental emotion become changed?—it must, if the doctrine of those who advocate the supremacy of organization be assented to. In opposing, as I am disposed to do most strenuously, the material philosophy, I would guard myself from falling into the other extreme of denying the close association existing between the mental and corporeal economy. For wise purposes this union is established, and it is the knowledge which we derive from its contemplation that it is my anxious wish to see made available in the practice of medicine. In tracing this connexion between mind and

nature; but he confessed himself deceived, and afterwards cordially acknowledged that the curtain itself was a mere delusion. Exhausted by these sudden alternations of hope and disappointment, the fabric of his understanding gave way, and in a moment of despair, he hanged himself in his dissecting-room, and was nearly devoured by the rats before his loss was discovered and his fate deplored. Before he accomplished his last resolve, he wrote on a slip of paper these impressive words: 'For more than *twenty tedious years* I have pursued a phantom, and *ignis fatuus*, that has decoyed me into ruin and misery. My vision has become so dim, that I can no longer distinguish the objects of my research; my hand is too tremulous to hold the scalpel. Confined in this charnel-house, I have been estranged from nature's fair and inviting prospects; I have cultivated no man's friendship, nor sought for the affection of woman. I have indeed read of the charms of society, the exhilarations of wine, the delight of a domestic partner, and the blessedness of children: but I have been a solitary student; water has been my only beverage; no females can reproach me with attachment, nor can a child curse me for existence. To live longer is useless; the past has been misemployed; the present is wearisome, and I will anticipate the future.'" Thus ended the melancholy life of Goltz!

† An argument often used against the materialist is that derived from the *divisibility* of the principle of life. In the polypus the sentient principle is divisible; and from one polypus or earth-worm may be formed two or three, all of which become perfect animals, endowed with sensation and volition. It should be borne in mind, that the *Annelida* consists of a frame work composed of a series of horny bands or rings. At each ring there is a ganglion or little brain, which is the centre of nervous secretion. If this be uninjured when the animal is divided, a separate worm is formed.

matter, our understanding becomes enlarged, our sphere of observation extended, and our notions of the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity elevated; then surely this inquiry, independently of its great practical utility, cannot fail in improving our intellectual and moral nature.

Many materialists, not satisfied with maintaining that mind is the effect of organization, assert that when the corporeal organs cease to be endowed with vitality, the intellectual faculties become also annihilated. Persons so disposed to reason, should bear in mind that we know of nothing which admits of destruction; that what we term annihilation is only a change in the mode of existence. The death of the body is nothing more than a change in the arrangement of its constituent elements; for it can be demonstrated, on the strictest principles of chemistry, that not one particle of matter ceases to exist. "There is, therefore," says Dr. Brown, "in the very decay of the body, an analogy which would seem to indicate the continued existence of the thinking principle, since that which we term decay is itself only another name for continued existence." It may be true that our idea of spirit, as distinct and unassociated with matter, is far from being clear, but our evidence of the independent existence of mind *per se* rests *primâ facie* upon evidence as strong as that which establishes to our mind the reality of matter.

The subject of life, human, animal, and vegetative, has occupied the attention of speculative minds from the earliest periods of philosophy. The facts which have been brought forward, the theories that have been broached, in order to account for the unknown principle that appeared to be diffused through the universe, and which gave origin to animation, have been numerous, wild, and contradictory. The apparent analogy which existed between the vitality of plants and animals led them to suppose that the principle of life was identical, and that the form it assumed was owing to the media through which it was made manifest, or to the organic structure with which it was associated.

Overlooking the opinions of the ancients, let us glance shortly at some of the modern notions concerning the origin of the vital principle. Fray, an eminent physiologist, rejecting the idea of the independent existence of life, believed that heat, sunshine, moisture, and mud, when acting together harmoniously, could produce living beings, although he never, like Paracelsus, endeavoured to show how this was effected. He conjectured that life and organization resulted from atoms in the form of light, which proceeded from the sun. He asserted that the sun is hourly decreasing in magnitude, and that when its matter is exhausted, darkness will succeed, and no power being left to retain the planets in their orbits, they must rush together, become again a general chaos, and this second chaos the source of a new order of things. Leibnitz, Haller, Bonnet, Spallanzani, Priestly, Leeuwenhoek, Claude, and Cardinal Polignac, have, like many ancients, ascribed life to various species of organized atoms which have waited for thousands of years for favourable circumstances to enable them to expand into animals or plants: Leibnitz attempted to account for life by supposing the existence of monads, or substances distinct from matter, which have within themselves the power of generating motion, perception, &c. The theories of Haller, Needham, Buffon, Harvey, &c. are exceedingly ingenious, but they in vain endeavour to chase away the

darkness in which this mysterious subject is enveloped. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that superadded to the physical structure of man, animals, and vegetables, is a principle which preserves identity, and causes growth, motion, sensation, &c; what its nature is, how it operates, and how connected with matter, will perhaps never be revealed to the mind of man. Death is said to be the extinction of vitality, and health is supposed to exist in proportion as this principle pervades the human frame.* We see life remain dormant for years in seeds, in the egg it also has no sensible existence until generated and called into being by the application of heat; we know that some animals remain torpid for a considerable time, destitute alike of motion and sensation, who are restored to vitality on the return of a particular season of the year. Do these facts admit of a satisfactory solution? Is it possible with our limited faculties and imperfect knowledge that we can solve the problem that has puzzled the wisest philosophers of ancient and modern times? In attempting to discover the origin of our being—the source of vitality—we have consumed much valuable time, that might have been usefully devoted to the study of its laws and operations. It might perhaps be more in consonance with the taste of many were I to develop some fine-spun, ingenious theory of life, or descant upon the hypotheses of others; although I might talk of primitive germs, monads, organic particles, invisible atoms, until the mind became lost in a maze of hard, unmeaning pedantic terms, no practical good would result from my labours. Probably one useful lesson might be learned from such a history of this branch of speculative philosophy,—it would demonstrate to us the folly of endeavouring to fathom the inscrutable and mysterious workings of the Divine mind; it would teach us humility, and subdue the lofty pretensions of those who in the ardour of their enthusiasm are apt to conceive themselves endowed with a portion of Divinity itself.†

In every department of human knowledge, there is a point where inquiry must rest; and where it becomes the true philosopher to contemplate in awful humility the wonders of Almighty power, adoring in silent reverence that infinite wisdom which has only unlocked, as it were, to man, the vestibule of the great temple, that contains thousands of nature's secrets yet unopened, and thousands more perhaps never to be revealed.

(To be continued.)

* Many facts establish that the vital principle does not always cease to exert its influence after the apparent dissolution of the body. Well authenticated instances are on record of persons whose hair and nails have grown considerably after death. The only way to account for this phenomenon is by supposing that these parts of the body have the power of retaining life longer than others.

† The most modern theory of life is that which endeavours to establish an identity between it and electricity. There is no doubt but that electricity has a great influence over the body, and that when the supply of nervous energy is cut off from the brain to a particular organ, that organ may be enabled to exercise its functions by exposing it to an electric current. But this only proves that the electricity acts as a stimulant. Is it possible out of the body, by means of this agent, to imitate the process of digestion, nutrition, &c.? The nervous energy may be somewhat allied to electricity, but this fluid which is supposed to be generated in the brain, and distributed through the frame by the nerves, is but the *effect* of vitality, and not life itself.

THE LAST RECORD.

NO. VIII.

SELECTED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ECCENTRIC CLUB.

BY ORDER. NICK. SOBER, HON. SEC.

WHAT evils have accumulated upon us since we last amused ourselves with you, gentle reader! We are sorry for it, as Dick Careless says, both on account of our own reputation, and of the pleasure of which you will be deprived. But what was predestined cannot be avoided, and it is not becoming to waste time in sighing out useless regrets. Can a man exist without his members? Verily, no. Nor can a club exist without *its*. The doctor is married and has retired from the club. The major—the brave, worthy old fellow!—has lately felt an itching in his palm, as if it would like to grasp the sword again, and he earnestly hopes that the war with China may prove a stirring one, that there may be a chance of his re-entering the service. Have you ever known an old soldier, gentle reader? If you have, do you remember the keen animated look which he assumes when he hears the report of a war, or reads an account of a siege? The cannon are planted in an advantageous position—the firing commences—a breach is made—the storming party are ordered to their duty—away they march—three cheers for St. George and the Queen! Hark! what voice is that? It is the veteran borne away by the impulse of his feelings, shouting the war-cry—his whole soul is wrapped up in the contest—he is self-absorbed—he is in a dream—the scaling-ladders are placed against the wall—the leader of the brave band plants a foot upon the ladder—he mounts, and is cut down by the enemy above—he is succeeded by another—and another—the musketry flash and rattle through the smoky gloom—the conflict becomes close and dreadful—man is planted against man, sword against sword—a brave fellow stands upon the rampart—he is assailed by a body of the enemy—he defends himself boldly—he slays several of his foes, but he is overpowered—he receives a wound at his heart—his blood flows in a torrent—he staggers and falls over the rampart. “Forward!” shouts a voice; it is the brave veteran’s! his eyes are fixed upon the exciting page, his mouth is a little open, his breath drawn in gasps, he is bent forward in the attitude of intense attention. “Forward!” he shouts again, and starting to his feet, and throwing out his arm to strike down an enemy, he wounds himself. The vision disappears, and he sinks exhausted by the mental excitement.

The major is a man of this stamp, and as it is very likely that we shall lose him, in case a creditable war should turn up, we may already account him defunct. Our friend Ned is now busy contesting a borough, and expects to be returned on the Conservative interest, unless he changed his mind before he arrived at the scene of action. The barrister, we are happy to say, is getting into practice, and already finds that his causes require so much of his attention that he can give but little to the club. But the most awful truth is yet to be unfolded; the club might still have lingered on but for this. New

members might have joined, new characters might have been introduced, new tales related; life might have been displayed under new aspects, and new interest might have beamed over our concerns; but alas! a blighting cloud has passed over us, our energies are withered, we can rejoice no more; the President is dead!—dead! there is something cold and chilling in the mere repetition of the word; it seems as if a skeleton had suddenly placed his hand upon our mouth and stopped our breath. Dead! how heavily the sound sinks upon the ear, and it falls upon the heart like lead; it checks every vital action—the pulse trembles—the cheek blanches—the limbs totter—a clammy sweat breaks over the body—the eyes grow dim—we sicken—the intellect is obscured—thought is suspended! Dead! we can write no more!

We have been obliged to pause, dear friends, to recover the integrity of our faculties; we brushed the tear from our eyelids, and we resolved to fortify ourselves against grief; we have succeeded, and we can now regard the deplorable event with decorous solemnity. We left off as the word dead dropped from our pen. It formed a period thus ● round, dark, and gloomy. And is not that little drop of ink wonderfully typical of death? It finishes a clause—it stops the sense—it is the symbol of an end. Round, like it, the circle of life is wound up in death, and all is dark and mysterious. But stop—while we write, the flame of our lamp is reflected from its surface, a small brilliant spot is beaming from its centre—how purely, how dazzlingly bright! like a moon in a dark sky—like what, do we say? what but the resplendent soul herself springing out from the darkness of the grave? If light can beam out of darkness, shall not life issue out of death? Verily, verily, in death is the resurrection of life!

The President is dead!—dead! we are fascinated by the word, and unless we call the major to our aid, we shall never get beyond it: dead! it drops spontaneously from our pen; but we must not trifle—and yet we were never more serious, and feel as if we were treading on the hallowed precincts of eternity. But when an idea, a word, has a grasp upon the mind, what a Herculean effort it becomes to shake it off! It folds itself, like a serpent, around every thought, and strangles even the very will. Yes, we are now struggling with this serpent, like the hero in the immortal sculpture; but we shall be victorious; we are—his folds are relaxing; our enemy is at our feet. He lifts up his head again, but he shall not revive.

“I was present,” said the major, drawing his hand across his forehead, “when the poor man breathed his last. It was a very piteous sight; and there is something, I must own, much more fearful in a man quietly going off in a feather-bed, than if he were groaning his last amidst the clash of swords and the roar of field-pieces. There is a terrible solemnity about it that will shake the strongest nerves. After all it is but natural; a man receives his death on the battle-field as a matter of course; but the stroke of death, when lying in the bosom of one’s family, is a much more serious thing. I don’t know, my friends, that any death ever affected me more than the President’s—it was so sudden; and then we loved him so much. Where,” continued he, rising into warmth, “where shall we meet again with

his equal? If we were to review the whole bench of magistrates, where should we find so honest a judge? Where, among the philosophers, shall we discover one of so much wisdom—one who was so prudent in concealing his failings, or so modest in the exhibition of his virtues? He was a good man, too—a very good man.” Here the major rose upon his legs, and struck the end of his stick against the floor; he tried to go on, but the moment he became aware of his elevated position, he felt conscious that he was making a speech; he looked about him, struck the tip of his nose as is his usual habit on any emergency, repeated again and again, “a good man!—a very good man!” then grew provokingly confused, and sat down saying, as a moral peroration, “I wish we were all more like him.”

The major is no speech-maker; he has not, in truth, impudence enough for it, though a braver man never charged the enemy. He can tell a story, but he cannot make a speech. We know many a man who can make a speech, but you may look in vain for the story. We have all our respective virtues and accomplishments; and Manlove goes so far as to assert, that there is no man so bad as to deserve hanging. He believes that the bravery of a murderer, and the ingenuity of a felon, should save him from a death so ignominious. We need not say that Mr. Subtle sneers at this doctrine. Whatever virtues the major may have, speech-making is not one of them. We regret it, because we have a great admiration of orators, which is not at all diminished by the occasional displays of our friend Ned in that description of intellectual power. But let us return to the major.

“I wish we were all more like him,” said he.

“Amen,” answered Manlove, turning up his eyes very devoutly.

Manlove was in earnest, although he adopted a ludicrous mode of showing it. The manner and the thing are often in greater disagreement; and we have frequently observed a lesson of sound philosophy comprised in a laugh. Commend us to the laughing philosopher—to him who, while he invigorates the mind, makes the blood circulate, and gives health to the body. He is your best physician. A laugh with no meaning we abhor; but a laugh with meaning, is the expressive embodiment of human wisdom. There is character in a laugh—deep striking character—it indicates, with infallible correctness, the difference between the fool and the sage.

When the major sat down, he uttered a prayer, which, if of no other use, displayed the value in which he held the various merits of Mr. Geoffry Sageman. “I told you,” said he, recommencing, “that I was present when the spirit of our dear friend took its departure. It was touching, unspeakably touching, and my heart aches to think of it. He had, three days before, attended a lecture delivered by a gentleman of deep learning, on the wisdom of the Egyptians; and on returning home, had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, which, by giving rise to inflammation, caused his death. I have known more trifling things than this kill a man,” continued he; “for instance, Lieutenant Williams shot himself because his wife had deserted him; Captain Joe Brown—five-fingered Joe, as we called him—died of grief, because he was so confoundedly ugly that no woman would have

him. These are facts which don't often appear in a hospital case-book.

"The President got into a cab, and was driven to his residence that he might be under the tender care of his sister-in-law and her amiable daughter. For the first day after the accident, no serious results were expected; but on the second, inflammation rapidly extended up the limb, his breathing became difficult—he was always somewhat subject to asthma—his intellect became confused, sleep oppressed him, and his friends feared the worst. It was on the third day that I saw him; I entered the room just as Emily, his sweet niece, was raising his head and shaking the pillow under it. Her long black ringlets fell over her face, but I could see a tear standing in her eye. She nodded to me as I entered, beckoned me to a seat by the bedside, and proceeded with her anxious task. 'How are you now, President?' said I, taking his hand with the confidence of an old friend. 'Dying,' answered he, with an effort at stoical firmness. 'Dying: the old coat is worn out—it couldn't last for ever.' 'Perhaps we can replace it with a new one,' I replied. He fixed his eyes upon me; it was no longer a cold glassy stare—there was divinity beaming through them—and raising his trembling arm towards the ceiling, he said, in a thick subdued voice, 'Only in heaven! there old garments are made new; and'—he could speak no more. I listened attentively for the words, but no sound came.

"I was now enabled to survey his features—they were much altered—three days had done their work. We all remember him as he sat at the head of this table and delivered the laws of good fellowship: his face was pale indeed, but it was not thin; and his voice was loud and commanding. Alas! that such a man should, in three days, get hollow in the cheeks, and whine in the feeble accents of second childishness. Poor fellow! the damp sweat was on his brow, and his lips were leaden; the enemy had despoiled the beautiful country, and the bare hills jutted drearily from the vallies. I should scarcely have known him again; but still, every now and then, there were traces of his former self which brought the whole man to my remembrance.

"'Thou may'st recover yet,' said I, wiping the dew from his forehead with my handkerchief; 'a little courage, time, and patience—these may do much for you.' 'They will do all that can be done,' replied he; 'they will send me to the grave. Thou can'st not deceive me, major. Mine eyes are growing dizzy—they shut out this world, and bid me look into another.' 'The physician hath not given thee up,' said I. 'Then I shall give him up first; it matters not.' He essayed a smile, but it died away upon his lips. 'Thinkest thou when there is merchandize to be sold, the merchant will abandon a customer?' 'I am glad, my friend, to see that thy spirits have not left thee.'

"'Gracious heaven!' exclaimed the affectionate Emily, as I uttered the last sentence, 'my uncle is dead!' She spake truly. The President gasped, shuddered, and gave up the ghost. The smile was on his lips; the jest had been scarcely breathed, when the soul spread her wings and cleft her way into eternity. The dear maiden looked into his face with unutterable anguish for a moment, then throwing

herself upon the bedside, she burst into a flood of tears. My heart softened; my bosom swelled with a tide of strong feeling. I tried to offer consolation, but the words choked me—and—forgive me—let me draw the curtain over the scene."

The tears started into the major's eyes; and the sympathy that flowed from his heart made him incapable of proceeding. Such, dear readers, were the last moments of our President.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die." It is an appointment that we must keep, however unpleasant the debt may be we have to defray. The President cast up his accounts like an honest tradesman suffering under an act of bankruptcy; and when his books shall be produced, we trust that we shall find a handsome balance on the creditor's account. These books shall be brought up as evidence; a pen shall be passed through all, and the prisoner be liberated from captivity. May we partake in the triumph!

Thus, you perceive, amiable reader, that our members are dropping off, one after another, in a space of time so limited, that we are utterly unable to replace them. Where, indeed, shall we again find half-a-dozen such choice spirits as we have had the pleasure of displaying to you during these last two years in the columns of the venerated MONTHLY? Vain search! We fear, for example, that another Ned Balance does not exist;—and we have lost him too.

Well, Ned is an odd fellow, and we believe that we have not even yet done his peculiarities full justice. The barrister has lately let us into a secret, which we should scarcely have conceived probable, if we formed our judgment upon the outward demeanour alone of the worthy member. We have stated in a previous page that Ned had gone into the country to offer himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament! but we made no mention of the causes that induced the impetuous gentleman to adopt such a sudden measure. The barrister tells us, then, that Ned had been lately edging slyly round the outskirts of a lady's flounces; that he had even besought the kindness of Dick Careless to indite some sentimental verses—such as most easily insinuate themselves into a lady's favour; that in consequence of this by-play, the lady had condescended to smile; and in consequence thereof Ned presumed to proffer his affection. Odd's life!—was there ever a politician so miserably deceived! The lady frowned—and Ned sighed—she frowned again, and Ned sighed the louder;—but the more suppliant Ned became, the more indignant became the lady, and, at length, our friend beat a retreat, and ran home to weep over his discomfiture. The barrister called in the course of the evening, and no sooner had he entered the room, than Ned commenced a philippic against the duplicity, falsehood, coquetry, inconstancy, tyranny, and all the rest of it, of women in general, and ended in a severe denunciation of one woman in particular.

"Very true," said Subtle, soothingly, "she cannot be excused, and above all things I abominate coquetry; it is the very reverse of that purity and simplicity of thought and feeling we always hope to find in the softer sex. It is a deceit—a practical falsehood—a—"

"What, sir!" exclaimed Ned, seizing him by the collar, "do you dare to call the honesty of that lady in question in my presence?"

Will you insult me, sir—and her too—her, the adorable—the beautiful—the—Away with you, sir!” spurning the barrister, and shaking him off in indignation—“Away with you, sir—do you insult me?”

“Why, Ned—upon my honour, Ned,” replied the other, “I really thought that these were exactly your sentiments; but, I beg pardon, it is only a slight mistake—come, we’ll think no more about it; the girl’s a very beautiful girl, very beautiful indeed,—a little too high-spirited perhaps, but that will all soften down by and bye; meanwhile, what say you to a seat for Boroughbridge? the borough is just vacant.”

The trick was not a bad one, even for a lawyer; it diverted Ned’s temper, and as he was in the humour to do anything next to cutting his throat, he resolved forthwith to canvass the constituency of Boroughbridge.

Man is—true, and here we will stop, amiable reader, to leave you to your cogitations, while we pursue our own. You will inquire almost to a certainty—“Man is—What?” Softly, man is man; you may smile, and derisively cast the book from you; but depend upon it you will be none the wiser for it. Man is, we repeat it; for it is the first of all propositions concerning that phenomenal creature about whom so many abstruse queries are occasionally put: he lives, he feels, he thinks,—he is—a man! Admirable conclusion from so profound a proposition! Being is developed in consciousness—man is a synthesis of actions recognized by consciousness—therefore, as we said before, most philosophic friend—man is man!

But man is a windmill; and that is not so easily proved. If you are a philosopher, you can follow up the train of argument alone; if you are not, we appeal to Ned Balance in confirmation of the position. When we were a lad, we were wont to take a pea and thrust a pin through its centre up to the very head, we then placed the pin in the bore of the fragment of a pipe, and blew gently through from the other end, until our toy danced a hornpipe on the top of it. Behold our model man! We have seen many a dancing pea among our fellow-creatures; and we begin shrewdly to suspect that human beings are mere puppets, and the beauteous globe itself, with all its variety of tints, nothing more than a huge bubble blown for the amusement of some unknown beings. There is philosophy in the supposition: if you disbelieve our assertion, consult Soame Jenyns on the Origin of Evil, who, if we mistake not, takes the same view of the matter. There is only this difference between us, that Soame Jenyns professed philosophy, and we do not.

Man is both a windmill and a dancing pea, as we have proved by sounder arguments than are often adduced by metaphysicians. Thus armed, we dare pluck Plato by the beard, and overthrow all the phantoms that he has raised up for the maintenance of his doctrines. “Know thyself,” is the highest summit of human philosophy; and when a man knows himself to be a fool, he is undoubtedly a very wise man. We know that we are a fool; and a most comfortable assurance it is, because, as a matter of course, we must be extraordinarily wise to arrive at that perfection of knowledge. Now that we have proved this point both by argument and example, we will leave philosophy, gentle reader, and return to common sense.

We have been led into these reflections, by considering the conduct of Ned Balance, who began his political career as a candidate on liberal principles ; then, for the space of a year, advocated, with excessive warmth, Tory measures ; and now is changed again into a Radical of the darkest cast. But Ned is a philosopher, or believes himself one ; and, although he was for some time a Tory, yet, at the bottom of his heart, he entertained some very pretty notions on political economy, which he has an eager desire to carry into practice. Some of these ideas he has borrowed from the doctor, although he will never plead guilty to the felony, and takes every opportunity, like rogues of a blacker dye, to ridicule the extravagant vagaries of that learned man. These ideas acted the part of a base in contact with certain austere acidifying principles which the ingenious member possesses of his own ; and by mixing and heating them together in the alembic of his own mind, he has, at length, produced a compound of specific power, to cleanse and strengthen the most rickety constitution on earth. May old England have the benefit of the drug ; for we are persuaded that the honourable member is no quack, but a philosopher. We shake Ned by the hand, for we shall see him no more ; we part from him with regret, for we loved his hilarity of heart and kindness of feeling ! May a glorious career and a happy life be his !

A farewell, even with happiness in view, has ever a dash of melancholy in it, that depresses the spirits of the gayest-hearted man. We have formed habits of which we do not know the strength until we are about to break them, and then come the wrench—the tug—the rupture that lacerate the bosom, and leave a wound that may, perhaps, never be cured or effaced. We call to mind the happy hours we have spent in this arbour, listening to the warblings of a favourite thrush ; or we sigh over the remembrances of the tender moments we have wiled away in this lane, rejoicing in the thrilling suspirations of the maiden we adore. But these are the habitudes of youth ; the aged dread to leave their easy arm-chair by the chimney corner ; they remember the happy reunions at the table ; they cast back their memory to seize on the features,—the expression, the fleeting, but impressive character of a favourite child—a wife—or a friend. But these are not all—even the merest trifles shadow the mind with gloomy reminiscences ;—a vase, a ring, a footstool, a desk—a flower—that pretty flower—a balsam—perhaps that bloomed on the window-sill, and caught our eye every time we looked into the street, and drew from us some expression of admiration ;—all these were like friends to us ; but we must part from them ; we glance from one to the other, and we endeavour to impress their form and arrangement vividly upon our mind ; it is the last glance we shall probably cast upon them ;—what said we ? the last glance ?—yes—perhaps the last—and we feel the presentiment of it weighing down our heart—“ it may be the last time,”—we mutter inaudibly ; “ it may be the last time !”—and we weep. Picture to your mind the youth leaving his beloved, in pursuit of wealth and glory ; his friends are powerful, and he hath never yet known adversity ;—why then should he be sad ? yet can he not forbear his tears ! Picture to your mind the father parting from his child to receive some newly-acquired honour, and to

revel in the acclamations of men ! Should he not be happy ? Yet he weeps. Farewell ! next to the word death, there is none in the language of men that vibrates so powerfully through our frame. What does it imply—but a new state of temporal existence—a rejection of all old things, and an assumption of new ? All that we prize—all that we love, are to be separated from us ; they make a part of our existence ; we live and move, and have our being in them, and every thought whirling round the utmost circumference of life, is still drawn to them as to a centre ; on a sudden the influence is broken—the attracting powers are withdrawn, and we are violently hurled into new realms, in subjection to new laws ; we are cast beyond our old sphere of motion, and must pass into a new. We are parted—the past is a dream—a dreary death-like dream ; memory is a mere ghost of a former world. And we must part from you too, amiable reader,—but let us defer the final moment,—we have not yet gathered courage enough to utter the ominous sound. Will you think of us—speak of us—regard us with affection ? Who are you whom we now address—are you kind, gentle, and tender-hearted ? If thou art, thou wilt remember and love us to the last day of thy existence. We are sure of this, for we have received many testimonies in confirmation of our belief.

Have we not written much to please you ?—albeit thou hast found interest in what we have written. Perhaps thou art a critic, and demur at the expectations we have expressed ; we can only answer, sir, that we wrote not for you. We know that a critic is an animal of the hyæna species, whose laugh is a snarl, and whose disposition is so fierce that it can never be tamed. Foolish were the attempt to subdue or appease such an intractable race ! We have not attempted it. Yet there be some we would fain believe ;—such as illuminate the pages of the “ MONTHLY ” with their benignant and vivifying regards, who belong to a more generous species. There are indeed such men, whose bosoms are the temple of Truth, and whose judgements are the oracles of the goddess. We love such men, and we hope that they will love us. We have endeavoured to promote charity and virtue ; and we have the satisfaction to know that our efforts on the occasions more especially devoted to this object, were most admired.

“ I will inquire of Mr. Sober respecting this poor old apple-woman,” said Mr. N—to his daughter, after he had finished reading our anecdote of the major’s benevolence in the fourth number, “ she seems to be a worthy object of kindness.”

Miss N—, who was seated at her embroidery, did not immediately reply to her father’s observation ; so Mr. N— resumed the book, read a few lines, and passed his handkerchief across his eyes.

“ What is Mr. Sober’s number in — street, Emily ? ” said the old gentleman, rising from his chair, and advancing towards the door.

“ Why, papa ? have you any business with Mr. Sober to-day ? ”

“ Yes, my dear, there is a very affecting narrative here of the misfortunes of an old applewoman ; and I am anxious to relieve her distresses.”

“ Indeed, papa, you needn’t take so much pains,” replied the young lady, half in jest and surprise. “ I dare say it is not true.”

“ Not true, my child ; why subscriptions are offered to be received.

The circumstances of the woman, the nature of the facts, the simple style—all declare the truth of it—it *must* be true."

"Believe me, papa, it is a fiction," returned our charming young friend, with increasing humour; "it is a story feigned to act upon our feelings."

"Then it is a shame, a crying shame, that men should thus be allowed to trifle with our sympathies. I can hardly believe what you say, Emily."

"Well, papa, Mr. Sober will be here to-morrow, and I will ask him about it—if you can only wait till then."

The good old gentleman could not, however, restrain his impatience to do good; and although he agreed to forego his journey to ourself, yet we were told by his dear affectionate daughter, that he went about the whole of that day distributing his charity to the poor. If we have succeeded in producing only one tithe of the tenderness of heart which softened Mr. N. in the bosoms of others of our readers, our end has been fully answered.

We are fully aware, that the style which we have adopted, in the course of these papers, is not in harmony with the delicacy of sentiment, and purity of language of many of our contemporaries, and may not entirely accord with the sensitive taste of modern critics. We profess that we have imitated Sterne on some occasions, and perhaps have bungled over our work; but we shall have had our reward, if our readers, in neglecting the copy, have been induced to cast a look upon the original, where they will discover the soundest lessons of wisdom, delivered by a harlequin; the brightest irradiations of genius glancing through a dark atmosphere of folly. He smiles, but he smiles wisely; and when he seems to revel most in the indulgence of idle mirth, he is, in truth, suggesting the precepts of the philosopher. Like a judicious physician, he smears the edge of the cup with honey, that the bitterness of the draught may not be perceived. His shaft is adorned with feathers of many colours; but the barb is not on that account the less keen. Need we mention his pathos, a quality for which he is celebrated beyond any writer of any age? It is already granted and appreciated, and we shall say no more. We are glad to observe of late, an imitation of his style in compositions where it was least expected; and an admiration expressed of his genius by men, in whom, we had feared, the delicate edge of taste had become blunted. Would that he were more studied! but we have said enough.

These observations lead us, directly, to a consideration of the major's character, which may seem to some to have had an entirely fictitious origin. Not so, indeed; we know a worthy man now living, whom, we believe, the character as drawn by us, would suit as exactly as one of his own garments. The resemblance has been observed, and its faithfulness acknowledged. Often have we wept at the tales we have heard him recount of by-gone adventures; and we really believe, that in delineating the peculiarities of our amiable member, we have not been guilty of the least exaggeration. We admire and love the original; and we regret that our copy does not express, with sufficient justice, his various merits. If any of our readers have imbibed a fondness for the hero of the fiction, how much must they envy us who are honoured

with the friendship, nay, the affection of the man ! But we must not write too plainly, lest we should draw upon him and ourselves unbecoming scrutiny. We have bestowed upon him a second kind of existence, however brief, and have introduced him to many who might never otherwise have been acquainted with his virtues ; and now that we intend to dissipate these visions of our imagination, we feel that we have dwelt so long upon the image, that it is not without a pang that we can resolve to bid farewell. Every trait seems to expand into broader features ; the man and the portrait seem to be identified in one—the image glows with a vivid reality ; and we feel almost as if we were approaching the death-bed of a dear friend. But we must part, my beloved major !—give us thy hand—let us feel once more the animating warmth of thy nature in the energetic pressure—it is not enough—let us embrace thee—let us pour out the fondness of our heart—let us feel once more the living man : gone—gone—the vision escapes our grasp ; our soul recoils in grief and dread ; a sob swells in our throat—farewell !

Thou hast seen the last vision, gentle reader ; and we will not detain thee longer, as it is probable thou wouldst rather remain shrouded in thy own thoughts. We are not ourselves inclined to waste time in senseless fribble ; a solemn melancholy is brooding over our minds ; a delicious awe is clouding over us ; and we feel that our soul is becoming gradually absorbed in thrilling contemplations. May many years be thine, dear friend, and may a crown of happiness gild thy grey hairs ! May the green sod spring freshly o'er the path where thou treadest ; may the blushing flowers diffuse their odours through the air which thou breathest ; may the boughs bending under their luscious burden, deliver their produce at thy feet ; may the hand of a friend grasp thine ; may the merry laugh of thy children enliven thy heart, and the soft hand of thy wife smooth the wrinkles from thy brow ; may virtue be thy guide, and wisdom thy counsellor ; may the young learn to lisp thy name with respect, and the old delight to render thee honour ; so shalt thou attain all the blessings of this life, and aspire to the happiness of a future, while thy good name shall live also in the past, enshrined in the memories of men, and directing their hopes and aims by the lustre which issues forth from its glory.

SHADOWS.

BY H. L. MANSEL.

"The like may sway the like."—MISS BARRETT.

THE arch of Heaven above my head,
 In its noon-day pride was shining ;
 A rival sky was beneath me spread,
 In the lake's clear breast reclining :
 But the sky above was a scornful foe,
 And flung its taunts to the sky below.

- “The glorious sun, when noon is bright,
Through my vault of azure glanceth ;
My brows are gemmed with the stars of light,
When eve’s still shade advanceth,
And in fond embrace the æther free
Clasps my æthereal majesty.
- “What in thy lonely bed dost thou
But mock me with thy seeming ;
And smile with that unmeaning brow,
Through the cheerless billow gleaming ?
Away ! and leave those smiles to me—
Away ! unreal mockery !”
- “Nay, scorn me not,” was the soft reply
Of the bright wave’s shadowy daughter,
“Deem not all useless here I lie
In the depths of the tranquil water ;
As the joyous hills look up to thee,
Their imaged brethren smile in me.
- “The mirrored clouds of thy realms above,
O’er my mirrored vault are straying ;
Bright birds, like thine, in the haunts they love,
In my watery smiles are playing ;
And the image of the unfallen dew
Is floating in my imaged blue.
- “Though the spirit choir of the upper air,
As comrades to thee are given ;
Their forms in the wave are reflected fair,
And sport in as pure a heaven.
Then say not that my path is lone,
There are shadowy friends to the shadowy one.”
- “There are shadowy friends to the shadowy one !”
That voice in my ear was ringing ;
Those mystic words I mused upon,
To my wildered fancy clinging ;
And the visions of my soul were rife
With the shadowy things of another life.
- There are shadows around us every where,
They crowd on the view unbidden ;
Some to the outward eye appear,
Some in the mind are hidden ;
But the shadows of sight and the shadows of thought
The living man regardeth not.
- A shade we cast in the bright sunbeam,
A shade in the lake’s clear mirror,
And shadowy forms in the moon’s pale gleam
Have stricken the soul with terror ;
But they are not the shades which shall happy be
In the land which no mortal eye can see.

The shadows seen by the outward eye
With the outward eye shall perish,
But the forms which the deathless mind doth spy,
That mind shall for ever cherish ;
Unfading shall be the shadow's lot
Which is cast on that which fadeth not.

For not while the substance before us stands
Alone the shadow lasteth,
Each form we have seen in other lands
On the mind its semblance casteth ;
We may roam afar to a foreign shore,
But the shade abideth evermore.

And oft as of distant ones we tell,
To whom fate may ne'er restore us,
Their imaged forms by sudden spell
Are conjured up before us ;
But we test by the touch of bodily things,
And we call them shadowy visionings.

The hand that grasps shall be cold in clay,
And fled that bodily token,
But the mind that beholds shall live for aye
With its magic powers unbroken ;
And those spirit forms shall be present there
As living men to the body were.

Ere the day of perfect bliss shall come,
The corpse from its cerements freeing,
In the shadowy world is the spirit's home,
'Mid the dreams of a former being,
And the shades which on earth it was wont to see,
Shall be to it then as itself shall be.

Then may we not hope in after days,
When the soul from earth is fleeting,
Those shadows afar in the spirit's place,
To greet with a spirit's greeting ;
Through the visioned forms of those scenes to move
Where the body on earth was wont to rove ?

When the home of my youth shall be mine no more,
And dear ones to me have perished,
The forms of those I loved before,
In the mind shall be fondly cherished,
My fitful dreams in my earthly strife,
My home and friends in my spirit-life.

Come then ye shadows and cheer my way,
With your blossoms of promise smiling ;
Bear with me now from day to day,
My lonely path beguiling.
In after days ye may haply view
A comrade meet to welcome you.

Oh, then if the spirit a look may cast,
 The earth it has left surveying;
 With you unseen to those climes I'll haste,
 Where your sister forms are straying;
 And earth's living ones shall then seem sweet,
 As memories now when lovers meet.
 Ha! strugglest still, my sceptic heart,
 While hope yet lives within thee?
 I know that not as now thou art,
 Those shadowy joys may win thee;
 Let but their beams be around me shed,
 When that last faint hope lies withered.

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 23.—*Abbas Meerza.*

I HAD once the honour to be invited to wait on his late Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Persia. "Surely," said I, "my face shall be whitened, and my consequence increased, now that I am to bask in the sunshine of royalty." So I mounted the stirrup of impatience, and being goaded by the spur of novelty, I bounded off with my friend and interpreter the Khan, through the bazaars, to reach the "Dhur Khaneh," or "Palace Gate:" the road lay through these crowded bazaars of which I have already spoken at Tehran, the motley occupants shouting out at sundry intervals, "Kebardar," as the laden camels and poking donkeys were making their way. Nothing can be more inconvenient, I imagine, to the traders than such vociferous interruptions to business; but the wily Persians are not so easily disturbed, their money getting avidity being proof to such interruptions.

All visits in the East must be made on horseback, be the distance ever so short; and when a Khan goes out, he is attended by his "Peesh Waz," or road-clearer; one man bears his pipe, another his slippers, the third his "Baula Poosh," and so on. His dignity much depends on the number of his servants, to be increased by the running foot-men, as many as you can muster, one at each rein, and the remaining "ambulants" bringing up the rear—pick them up by the way—no matter who—so that you arrive at the "Dhur Khaneh" heavily attended. I have seen the "Begler Begee," or lord mayor of the town, arrive with nearly a hundred followers of every class and description; he would set out with some twenty or thirty, increasing as he went on; and as to any thing like livery, bare legs, sheep skins, and slippers come the nearest to uniformity,—I speak of the "accumulated Extraordinary's." His own servants, particularly the "Peish Kedmets," or "body men," are well dressed; the Persians are very vain in this respect. Arrived at the "Maidan," or large square in front of the Prince's palace, I saw nothing externally to indicate the residence of royalty, except some small display of tile engravings over the door, and some congregated masses of all sorts of subjects humbly

waiting the fiat of the "Naib Sultana," which might possibly affect their tongues, or even their heads. The plain brick arch vestibule, without even a coat of mortar, led to a long passage of the same material, the ups and downs of which were such as, without due care, might cost one a bone's dislocation; this conducted to an enclosed court, filled with applicants and implorants, waiting to reach the threshold of justice. In a small anti-room, well carpetted, we had to wait for some time, until the ceremonial of our introduction was ready; there I sat upon "the carpet of patience, and smoked the pipe of expectation," until, at length, the "Yassawal," or master of the ceremonies, arrived to say that the Prince was ready to grant us audience. We had then to cross the garden to the inner apartments where the Prince was sitting; it was a plain looking building, with windows almost to the ground: the "Deewan Khaneh," in which he receives people on state occasions was richly carpetted, and nummeds, or long narrow carpets, were laid on each side for the visitors to range themselves according to their rank, which is much indicated by the stations which they occupy on the nummed. Within this room was his "Khelwat," or small closet, as it appeared to me, in which was the Prince sitting in an English chair; so keeping on my hat, and doffing my slippers, I accompanied the Khan, who on entering made his "Serferoo," or obeisance, and I, of course, did the same; then approached a few steps, bowed again; and having arrived within about six feet of His Royal Highness, then "Serferoo" the last, more profound, with all the humility which I could assume. The Khan was afraid I should laugh out, for after sundry previous practisings he found me a very unapt scholar: however, I behaved pretty well. The Prince said, "Kushguelden," "you are welcome, your place has long been empty. I was very desirous to see you;" and then with rapid utterance, not at all waiting for my rejoinders, with which I was well charged, and wanted to deliver myself of, he inquired my name—of my travels—how I liked Persia—talked about gas-lights—London-bridge, and such extraordinary sundries, that I had great difficulty to find pause for my maiden speech, which was ready cut and dried (the practice, I believe, of all maiden speeches). At length, I said, through my interpreter, that I had heard much of his Royal Highness's name in my own country, for the condescension and courteous urbanity with which he had been pleased to receive English visitors at Tabreez, particularly our missionary Martin, by whom it was noted in his journal. How highly honoured I felt "who was less than the least," at this proof of His Royal Highness's condescension at being permitted to "rub my forehead at his threshold." "Barikallah," said the Prince, and at intervals, "Laullah e ilullah!" "there is no God but God!" but what this had to do with my audience, I could never understand; so his Royal Highness went on with a long string of talk, inquiring if I could speak Persian, &c. The "Chum y Chum," or compliments, being over, the Prince said that he had great respect for the English nation, having received warm friendship from them, which he should never forget. He added, "the Persians and English are one," which is deemed a great compliment in Persia, and however I might have ventured to differ in opinion, of course I durst not express it. Amongst

other subjects, His Royal Highness alluded to the late war with Russia, saying that the real events of this war were never known to the English nation, and referred to an article of the Treaty, No. 15, which had not been observed by the Russians. We talked politics so long, that I found my countenance whitened, and my consequence increased, so salaaming it backward three times, with "May His Royal Highness's condescension never be less," I resumed my slippers and retreated with the Khan, with every deferential respect. Having already spoken of Abbas Meerza, I will only add of this princely Prince, that his age was about forty-five, of rather above the ordinary stature, of an originally very fine person and countenance, with dark penetrating eyes, full of intelligence, though clouded a little, I thought, by the cares of state, but sufficient were the remains of his former self to say that he must have been a fine specimen of the "Kajars." His manners so easy, and his whole appearance so dignified; his dress was unostentatious, his robes of cashmere shawl, trimmed with silver, his "kanjar," or knife, sparkling with brilliants, but having on his head simply the black Astracan cap. He had been governor of the province of Azerbijan for twenty years, and was renowned for his clemency, and for his attention to the duties of his high office; often would he sit in public to hear the complaints of his people, and nothing grieved him so much as to exercise by punishment that authority which was absolutely necessary for the safety of the community. These people over whom he presided, appeared to be a very quiet industrious race, and apparently quite happy in their mud regions, as I saw them issuing out of the gates morning and evening to their numerous villages, their donkeys generally laden, and themselves bearing a load of napkin bread under their arms. I heard of no crime nor commotion amongst them; they seemed blessed with a sort of negative enjoyment, and of the Persian peasant it may be truly said, "To be content is his natural desire." I subsequently took more time to examine the grand Hall of Audience, the walls of which were ornamented with Persian paintings, some of them descriptive of the last war with Turkey, of which his Royal Highness was the leader, and distinguished himself much by his bravery; there were other pieces representing the Prince at the chase, of which he was very fond. In one of them he is lancing the wild boar—St. George and the dragon are nothing to it. I have already spoken of the arts in this country, such as I saw at "Sulimania," and at the "Baguy Seffre," intending to show that they have no notion of perspective, much less of "mezzotinto:" it is all of that high colouring which gives blood-shot veins and feverish pulsations; perhaps this is in keeping with Oriental warmth, and ecstatic feeling; the impulses of this fervid climate, which in the frigid and drizzly West we are strangers to—nor have they any more taste for sculpture. A stone woman was once introduced to the Prince, an exquisite specimen of Sievier's chiselling, but she had no charms for Abbas Meerza. On being told the cost in England, how His Highness laughed! "I can buy the most exquisite form in flesh and blood for half the money:" he would give her no place in his "Harem Khaneh."

So desirous was the Prince to cultivate friendship with the English

nation, that he invited British emigrants to reside in his country, to introduce their arts and industry amongst his own people. The following is a copy of his firman : —

(Enumerating titles, &c.) “The royal command is issued that the sagacious, faithful, and obedient servant of the Christian nobles, being exalted by the favour of our illustrious mind, let it be known to him that since the two mighty powers of Persia and England are in reality one, and the object of our royal mind is this, that we may continually contribute towards the means of increase and improvement of the existing union. We, therefore, command his excellency that should he wish to cause any of the subjects of the exalted government of England, who may be skilled in arts and sciences, to come to this powerful empire, to be employed in commercial and agricultural pursuits, and also to introduce other professions and arts, he is fully authorized to execute this object, in order that whosoever may possess any useful profession, may be employed to show the examples of their services. We further command his Excellency to assure them that in this country they will be free, and no demand of any sort whatever shall be exacted from them, and on no account shall they be interfered with ; and make the contents of this firman his duty.”

This invitation was so scantily promulgated that it failed to attract emigrants to the Persian soil, where fifty thousand in his province alone might have located amidst the greatest abundance. The soil was prodigal of fruits of the finest kinds ; grapes, apricots, peaches, of more than European qualities ; of the former, the “kiss miss,” or stoneless grape, is very delicious. There were also melons in quantities, both the musk and water melon ; latterly, some vegetables were introduced by the English, such as carrots, potatoes, onions, &c., but these will never come into general use by the Persians, who eat nothing but rice in this way. I should observe that their prejudice against the unclean beast, the hog, is equal to that of the Jews. Scarcely will a Persian servant cook a ham, much less partake of it.

It was remarkable that the Prince, who had never been beyond Mahomedan soil, and was brought up to the most rigid tenets of his faith, should have been so liberal a Mahomedan ; he had no idea of converting people to the Prophet’s creed ; on the contrary, he had the most contemptible opinion of those who from interested motives would embrace Islamism. On a parade day the moolahs came forward congratulating the Prince on their having converted an infidel to the true faith. He inquired what were the man’s motives for doing so. Was he acquainted with the doctrines which Mahomet taught, and did he adopt them from conviction ? On being answered that he knew nothing of the Koran, the Prince immediately said, “Then he must have had some interested motive in doing so,” which he heartily despised, and ordered his pay to be reduced twenty tomauns (he being then in the military service). As might have been expected, the renegade renegaded again to his former position. When Mr. Missionary Wolfe was in Persia, the Prince received him very graciously, promised him protection and encouragement in building schools, saying very good-humouredly that some of his sons should become his first scholars. He granted him a large plot of ground and the building upon it, to

show his sincere desire to serve the Christian cause. He addressed a letter to Mr. Wolfe, of which the following is a copy, as given to me by my good friend, late the Prince's physician:—

"The Rev. Joseph Wolfe having been presented to us, has explained the desire and wish he entertains of establishing in our city of Tabreez, and under the patronage of Henry Drummond, Esq., a school for the education of all classes, and of sending from England such teachers as may be necessary to reside here, and to employ themselves constantly in the instruction of children. As this benevolent undertaking is in perfect accordance with our feelings, and as the strictest intimacy now exists between the governments of England and Persia, the proposal of Mr. Wolfe has met with our cordial approbation. We have, therefore, ordered that a house should be given, in order to inspire confident assurance that when teachers come from England, the institution shall always receive from us all due patronage, protection, and support."

Subsequently neither Mr. Wolfe nor his patron did anything in the way of these schools, which left rather an unfavourable impression on the Prince's mind, since it had the appearance of trifling with him; and who can tell but that a Mahomedan prince might have become a follower of the Messiah! The gallantry of the Prince has been also conspicuous, in the double sense of the word; it was the cause of his last war with the Turks in 1822. A large and distinguished party of Persians, including the royal harem, were making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and had to pass through "Arz Room," where they were suspected of having merchandise with them which was subject to government dues.* Remonstrances were of no avail; they were told, "This is the royal harem, if you profane it with a gaze, dire will be the consequences." The Turks persevered in visiting it; the women were subjected to insults. The gallantry of the Prince being thus impeached, he immediately declared war. An army was assembled of 35,000 men, and his Highness took the field and made rapid marches towards "Arz Room." He took possession on the way of "Torprach Kaleh," where he defeated four Pashas with nearly 60,000 men (so says the Persian Gazette). He then advanced to "Hassan Kaleh," within six hours of "Arz Room." He displayed great courage and generalship in conducting the war, which lasted only a short time. The Turks were glad to compromise the affair by a peace, which the Prince liberally granted them; the great superiority of the Persian to the Turkish troops was then very clearly established.

The Prince's family was extensive,—I cannot tell how many. Some of the "Shah Zadehs" were married during my being at Tabreez. The fête is generally announced by fireworks, rockets, and other missals being thrown into the air, and by no means contemptible compositions. Of the marriage ceremony I can say nothing, since I was not invited to the wedding. The Prince's predilections in favour of every thing English were particularly fostered by his great regard

* The Persians had frequently imposed on the Turks in this way, by associating merchants in their diplomatic trains, or under other cover of government protection, thereby cheating the "Gumrook," or custom dues. Trust the "Ajemis" for outwitting the "Soonies."

both for his "Hakeem Bashi," Dr. Cormick, and for the generalissimo of his troops, Major Hart; to the latter of whom was committed the training of the "Serbozes," or infantry, forming a very respectable corps of English discipline on Persian subjects.*

Abbas Meerza's military genius was latterly exercised against the "Khorasanees." He had made one or two campaigns in Khorassan, and had assembled a pretty large army at Meshed. During my being at Tehran, the Prince had come up to solicit supplies from the Shah for the purpose of marching against Heraat, leaving his son, Mahmoud Meerza (the present Shah), commander-in-chief of the troops. He was then in a very enfeebled state of health; Dr. Cormick did his utmost to dissuade him from another campaign, alleging the probable consequences to be totally destructive to him. Jealous of his honour, having pledged himself to return, and ambitious of military renown, the "Naib Sultana" departed on his military expedition. But he never lived to reach Meshed; he was carried off by the climate fever at a village on the road; and the following is my report from Tabreez of the melancholy event:—

"On the 11th October, 1833, we received the distressing intelligence of the death of Abbas Meerza, made public by the "Ameer y Nizam" to the young Princes and to the people of the town. The scene was dreadful; the whole town flocked to the Prince's "maidan" in deep mourning, and black tapers burning in their hands, and in the other ashes or straw, strewing on their faces and heads, with true feelings of lament and sorrow.† The young princes rushed out from the "Deewan Khaneh" with their faces and clothes covered with mud and ashes, and mourned with the public, which was really affecting beyond description. The mourning is to be kept up for seven days, and the Shah has ordered it to be general throughout Persia."

Thus died prematurely, at the age of forty-three, Iran's hope, Eng-

* I would here pause to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the Major. In June, 1830, he was carried off after only a few hours' illness (and within ten minutes of the death of Sir John Macdonald Kinnier), of gout in the stomach. His remains lie interred in the Armenian Church. Scarcely any Englishman has gone into Persia who carried with him so much the respect and love of the people. His name was quite a passport to the traveller. In his military duties, although a strict disciplinarian, he was much beloved by the Persian soldiers. The Prince's regard for him was unbounded, and he shed tears at his decease, lamenting the loss of his commander-in-chief as the greatest misfortune that could have happened to him. Frank, generous, and brave, he was an ornament to the English character; trained to arms from the earliest age, he had seen twenty-eight years of uninterrupted service, and more than twenty of it in Persia: he was looking forward to retire to his native country from the toils of military life, but death suddenly interposed, and both Prince and people were the sincere mourners over his tomb. It was gratifying to see an Englishman so highly respected by a Mahomedan Prince, and by his talent and conduct holding up the honour and dignity of his country. He was equally respected by the Shah, in proof of which during my being at Tabreez he sent him the money to pay the troops in Azerbaijan, which he would not entrust to Abbas Meerza, having more confidence in the honour of a British major, than in that of his own son! "Peace to the memory of a man of worth."

† How much do the usages of Persia remind one of Biblical customs. Here we see Eliphat, Bildad, and Zophar, the friends of Job, lamenting over his calamities: "They rent every man his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven."

land's friend, and the most accomplished Mahomedan prince to be found in the annals of that country. How many of the actors on the Persian stage have I seen go down to the "tomb of all the Capulets!" First the Colonel (Macdonald Kinnier), the Major (Hart), the Prince, the Doctor,* and last of all—"the King of Kings."

"Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,"

proving to us most forcibly that

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

No. 24.—*Karadagh.*

This district of Persia has been but little visited by the "Feringees." I will, therefore, stroll over the surface more leisurely. Having made another visit to the Khan's village in our vagabondizing tour, where we had been complimented and pillaged, I began to get more acquainted with the Persian "finesse," which, among themselves, means neither "to believe nor to be believed." Duplicity is so deeply indented into their character, that the greatest adept in it has the most honour. The game of conversation is kept up with an overwhelming politeness. Thus the master of the house tells his guest, that "he looks as brilliant as the sun, and as placid as the moon;" to which he replies, "his ears are now regaled with the tones of the nightingale, and may the roses of happiness ever bloom in the garden of his destiny," with other compliments quite untranslatable, and the thousand and one nothings come out of their mouths so glibly, and so unmeaningly, that they seem glad when it is over, and laugh at each other. On taking leave there is a great deal said about "Zhamet;" I was long ignorant of the meaning of this word, which implies by the visitor what a deal of trouble he has given; the other doubles it with "Kali Zhamet," it is *he* that has given the trouble, and so they go on bowing out each other with their "Zhamets" innumerable. It was in the month of June that we traversed this district; the way began through a fine

* A passing tribute to the memory of this worthy man, and then I have done with "tributising." Dr. John Cormick had been in Persia for more than twenty years. He held the high appointment of "Hakeem Bashi," or chief physician, to the Prince, by whom he was much esteemed. It may be said that he was one of the connecting links of friendship which the Prince entertained for this country. Summoned by H. R. H. to Tehran, to accompany him to Khorassan, he for a long time resisted the invitation, and much against his will was he at length prevailed on to follow the Prince some days after him on that journey. Being ill at the time, he was but little fitted for the undertaking, having suffered from typhus fever some seven or eight days previous to his arrival at the village of "Maagamy," twelve stages from Tehran (this was on the 28th October, 1833): here his attendants observing in his countenance a sudden change for the worse, became alarmed, and in a few minutes they found him speechless, and in the last struggle of death. His body was the next day interred somewhere near the village, but it was subsequently brought up to Tabreez, and buried in a garden called "Marian Nanna." On my last visit I went to his tomb: a plain inscription narrated his name, age, and time of decease, the flowers were growing around it with balmy profusion, and the birds were carolling their requiems over the deceased. His memory is much cherished by all who knew him.

country (for Persia), well watered, which occasioned a continuity of villages seemingly all flourishing.

At "Overjon" we rested the first evening, having pitched our tent in a beautiful orchard; and the approach to the village was remarkable from the high mountains which we had to cross, some of the ravines being filled with snow. I have the most vivid recollection of this day's ride; setting out in a broiling sun, and then encountering an atmosphere below Zero. Near the river we passed a small Koordish encampment, then the abrupt ascent began of a very narrow pass to this magnificent mountain scenery, reminding me much of the wilds of Koordistan. I thought I had never seen any day-light so singular; there was a sunny landscape on the extensive plains, looking warm and cheering, with little bright spots of villages here and there, man and beast from thence scarcely discernible.

Then the clothed mountains over which we were travelling, partly with verdure, partly with snow; the wonder was how we got up, exceeded only by how we were to descend them, which was always on the slide. The magnificence of Persian scenery consists in its seeming boundless extent; the outline being piled up in every variety of mountain, but not rock. Both mind and body seem to expand at such scenes; here you breathe freely, "the world is all before you, where to choose" a boundless estate; one inhales the air of prodigal freedom, never to be felt in an enclosed country, 'tis a sort of ærial feeling. I could fly from precipice to precipice, the only difficulty being "short of wing," absorbed in my reveries of wonder and delight—these wonders increasing at every step. I had unknowingly preceded my party, and had just exclaimed, "Oh let me gaze, of gazing there's no end;" when I was surprised by a host of villagers on horseback, Hadgi Cossem Khan's family being coming from the district to which I was tending—consisting of many fair haremities and female slaves, preceded by the "Faroshes" clearing the way, and looking with most jealous eye lest any one might glance at the ladies covered with shawls, which, for aught I know, might be moving mummies. The Persian vigilance, in this respect, is never relaxed, and a breach of good manners by any attempt to invade upon it might prove very dangerous to the traveller; they seemed surprised to see a "Ferengee" stranger in these wild passes quite alone. The Khan seeing our party in the distance, galloped off to greet them; his horses were richly caparisoned; his suite numerous; and I deemed this one of the most sumptuous Persian turns-out that I had yet seen (royalty excepted). These chiefs in Persia, when very remote from the seat of government, live in great state; they exercise absolute sovereignty to their dependents, and will sometimes defy the exactions of the Shah himself when they deem them exorbitant.

Seated on the green sward of this pretty orchard, at "Overjon," the interesting arrangements of carpetting, camping, haltering, &c. going on; all this is heightened by fatigue and novelty; and no enjoyments are more sincere than rest from weariness, and feeding from hunger. We had made a toilsome march of it this day; the beasts were tired; and finding ourselves so agreeably encamped, we tarried the following day at this village, and promenading about, as was my wont, whip in

hand, dog hunting (or rather dog fearing), I suddenly came on a party of women, washing their linen in the running stream. Up they started with one general "whallah;" and planting themselves against the wall face in hand, there they stood a most picturesque group of walking rags, unslipped but all veiled. I dreaded an "emeute," of the dogs at least. I have already noticed this strong national custom of female modesty (may it be so called?) in Persia amongst the better classes; that it should extend to the "canaille" is very mark-worthy. I never saw any national prejudice so strong. I had frequent subsequent confirmations of this when coming suddenly into a village, and surprising women under similar circumstances, their consternation was excessive, helter skelter, hiding their faces in their hands, whilst the nether garments had some of them escaped, it being windy weather. But here I must draw the veil, and go on. The next morning at six o'clock, we crossed the "Hadji River," reputed to be salt water. Sitting down on its banks, we converted some of it into tea; nor did it vitiate the souchong at all, that I remember. It was now no longer the arid land of Persia; water was gushing from it in various directions; and we had many a fording difficulty this day, particularly with the baggage horses; this is always an affair of some little interest. The "Charwarder" has to dash into the stream first to sound the depths, &c. and if he succeeds the rest of the party follow. Sometimes he has to swim for it, and then other soundings must be made; then the "Yaboo" becomes obstinate; he sticks in the mud or will lay down with the load on his back: it is always an interesting affair, and some little anxiety to have it over.

I have a monstrous dislike to horse exercise in a civilized country; narrow roads hedged up on each side with earth banks scarcely to be looked over, pikes and what not; how the Persians must despise our narrow limits. Pursuing our way, on attaining the summit of the hill looking down into the little village of "Herries," I was enchanted with the peaked mountains—the extensive plains—all mute in voice or motion—the little green dot which the village looked upon the map; "Here will I dwell," said I to the Khan, "and become 'Ketkodeh' of Herries." "Persian like," this was immediately granted; and I had only to take possession. But on the nearer approach it savoured of ruins—on entering it, nothing but ruins. The Khan laughed, and bid me joy of my possession; long views and short views are such different things in travel (perhaps this may apply to other prospects in life besides that of a Persian village). A wild garden springing up here and there amidst the crumbling mud walls, bespoke rich vegetation; the water was abundant; the blight of oppression had sunk this once flourishing place almost into the very soil from whence it sprung. Amidst the remains we breakfasted, there being a few squalid inhabitants who furnished us with "moss" or sour milk, a most excellent beverage, beside good pancake-bread, butter, fruits and what not; even in these village remains lay Persian duplicity. I mean in the concealed abundance of every provision; had the "Mehmandar" been coming with his "Sadir," or royal order to feed all his followers, there would have been plenty of sticks, but no bread; but only show them the "siller," which is more potent with them than even the "Firman"

of the "King of Kings," there is nothing wanting; the poor natives, ground down by oppression, are obliged to be deceptive and treacherous: it is dictated to them by the law of self-preservation, stronger than any dicta even of "his most despotic Majesty."

I at once gave up my intended government, and we went on in a much wilder country than any I had yet visited; talk about ravines and mountains before! they were nothing compared to these cloud-capped eminences.

The horses snorted as they went up, and trembled as they came down; even in these wilds there were occasional encampments of the savage-looking "Koords" under their black tents, wherever a patch of pasture could be found; these people know nothing about rent or taxes; happily disencumbered from the trammels of refined life, they despise its impositions. But the "Chadre," or veil, was not forgotten; one fair shepherdess, when tending her flock, was very assiduous with her rags, which seemed rather disposed to coquet with her charms by means of chinks here and there discoverable: however, by putting my hand to my eyes (as a sort of assurance that I could see nothing), her modesty was spared. I am very particular with customary observances. But at such places we always kept together in a sort of battle array, arms primed, and looking as fierce as possible to all intruders; any loiterer may be possibly cut off; the Khan's vigilant eye associated the party in close phalanx. Thus we moved on over hill, over dale, ascending and descending frightful precipices; here we met, in a very narrow pass, troops of "Koords," or a moving village; every animal put in requisition, from a donkey to a bullock, laden with tents and kettles, children and chickens slung in baskets; such a "melange" as was never seen in Europe I'll venture to say, with their flocks and herds, horses and camels. The whole village was in motion, the men looking grimly wild; the women, under their tattered garb, striving to keep up amidst rags and penury the Mahomedan "shame-facedness" so peculiar to this people. They are shepherds by hereditary occupation, and plunderers from cupidity. The spring of the year is hailed with delight by this nomadic race, when I have seen them emigrating from pasture to pasture: they retain their primitive pastoral habits, which the vicissitudes of ages have never eradicated. I had encountered moving villages before; these nomades of the wilderness seem devoid of all local attachments, their wants are few, they appear contented and happy; they clear out completely from the last locality—not a hen left on the roost.

The tribe amongst whom we were moving were notorious horse-stealers; they would even come down to Tabreez, rob the stables, and take the cattle into these mountains; it is almost impossible to follow them; in their fastnesses they are inaccessible.

At length we arrived at a height where all semblance of a road ceased, to the great embarrassment of our guide. Not a trace of animal or village could be made; the ground partially covered with snow, and otherwise of that barren description where "thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley." What was to be done? But there is an inexhaustible resource in Persian travel—the inviting "tchibook,"—so squatting ourselves on the ground, we

puffed many a cloud, and held council as to proceeding ; every point of the compass was alike, no clue whatever tended to the village which we were seeking ; so, leaving it to the horses, we had not proceeded far when some shepherds were seen in the distance, and they pointed to some almost inaccessible ravines which must be passed before we could reach the village of "Bahool." All description must fail of the remainder of this day's journey ; the clouds played at our feet—icy cold in the month of June—and beautiful were these ; the

" ——— Clouds in heaven's loom,
Wrought through varieties of shape and hue,
In ample folds of drapery divine."

And as we passed through these magnificent folds, I felt all the thrilling sensations of delight.

As we trod our rugged way, the snow was in some places so thickly embedded, that it was difficult and dangerous for the baggage horses. A brilliant sunshine below (for in those heights we were quite obscured from its influence) would occasionally light up a bridle-path, where the goat was browsing. We slid over rocky chasms at which the horses revolted ; and scanned our way on the brinks of precipices gaping awfully below, to which one false step may prove the last for ever ; and as I trod my slippery way, I would occasionally pause on some nook,

"To gaze and gaze, and wonder at the scene."

I thought our dangers and difficulties amply repaid by the imposing view of this mountain scenery. Sublimity sat on its summits—grandeur in its vales ; and the variety of shades scattered upon the whole, it looked more like a picture than a reality. It was a dioramic view where I recollected to have seen something like it ;—but why do I compare art to nature ! I,

"Who have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with nature rather in the fields,
Than art in galleries ———."

The least fervid mind might have gathered tints for the canvass ; nay, I was almost drunk with its magnificence ; and staggered down our harassed way, quite unknowing to what it would lead ; there was an imposing awe in the solitude. If ever I felt out of the world, it was here ; no tenant would inhabit it ; from the eagle to the goat it was all deserted. Thus we scrambled on, making towards a sun-lit valley, which we imagined might be occupied by the flock and its shepherd, and it was so. They were feeding in rich pastures, to which we descended, where we got into almost tropic heat.

I have before noticed the extraordinary and rapid changes of climate in Persia. In a few hours we had experienced this to as much as thirty degrees. Here we learnt how much we had deviated from the proper road ; and having taken temporary rest, and information which led to a Koordish encampment, we sped our way to it, where we were refreshed with "moss," or sour milk, dealt out to us very liberally, spite of the jealousy of the dogs, who seemed very angry at our intrusion. These "nomades" are always hospitable ; ask for their salt and

they are sure to grant it you, which includes protection to a certain extent, beyond which they plunder you if they can.

We were not long in descending to our village of "Bahool," where we found our tents pitched in a pretty orchard, the servants having preceded us the day before. This wretched village was situated near what the natives call a "jangall," or forest, although it offered a mere brushwood of stunted oak. Immediately around it there were certainly a few trees of the birch kind, but late in their vegetation; even these were to me a great novelty, having travelled so far without seeing a tree of any sort, garden wood excepted. Here we enjoyed our rest—

"All on the margin of some foaming stream,
And spread our careless limbs ——"

and smoked our "tchibook" of repose.

Having rested at the village some sixteen days, I had much enjoyment of the nomadic life; and as I plunged farther into the forest its magnificence expanded, and opened new pages of Nature's beauties. I explored the gardens, cultivated the natives, propitiated the dogs, and really felt so happy in this wilderness that I was loath to leave it. I deem the Persian peasantry a very happy people (when under a liberal governor), because they are a contented people. This I notice the more they are isolated from any large town or government; there is more simplicity of mind, consequently less corruption of manners. Amongst them, anything like *want*, much less of *starvation*, can never be known. I have already spoken of the abundance of a Persian village breakfast. They have "moss," or sour milk, which they are very fond of, an abundance of flat bread, which is soft and unleavened, with butter, cheese, honey, fruits in the season, eggs and fowls, rice and tobacco—what want they more than good appetites and grateful hearts! They are never degraded by that stimulating demon "alcohol;" nor is their soil polluted by the demoralizing gin-shops—those sinks of iniquity, those reservoirs of shame and death, which so degrade my native country,—heating the mechanic almost into rebellion, in the form of chartism, or what not; rendering him, instead of a portion of the healthy strength, to become the noxious excrescence of his country:* from this the Persian peasant is exempt. But they are not without their grievances. The occasional oppression of their local governors I have already alluded to; and another calamity with which they are sometimes visited, withers their substance, desolates their land, and often drives them from their locality; I allude to the locusts, showers of which will occasionally visit the land. Whilst at dinner one day on the top of the house at Tehran, a small quantity of them dropped on our plates, attracted no doubt by the lights. I once met with them on the road to "Kirishkeen;" the natives were horrified at

* The "temperance," and even "total abstinence" system is stealthily as it were making its way in this country, conferring a blessing on the community second only to "the Gospel of Peace." It is astonishing the progress it has made in Ireland under the influence of Father Matthew, more than 15,000 having subscribed to it in one day. Let us compete with the Mahomedans in this respect, and banish the demon "alcohol" from our soil.

their approach, and took every means to frighten them off by "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." I liken them to the grasshopper in size and shape; they are heavy on the wing, soon fall to the ground, where they seem to lay in seeming order to infinity. I am not aware that they are of that species which at the command of Moses so desolated Egypt; but they move occasionally in immense bodies seemingly led by the king or queen of the tribe; they travel long journeys, and are generally brought in with a south-east wind. They are not the insects of a day, as I first thought them to be, although ripened by a sun-beam,—the animal is born by its influence, their eggs being deposited in the autumn; the locusts which I saw were about three inches long, of a bright yellow colour. It was said that some of the people will gather them for food, that they are good eating when boiled, and that they are even preserved by salting. I was by no means curious to taste of this spawn of nature, particularly with such an abundance of other food. I had many a solitary meandering in these wilds; the river jumped down in foamy haste, in this Alpine scenery; there was only the sea wanting to complete Byron's description, which I have so often entered into, and so truly felt:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, nor yet can all conceal."

No. 25.—The Tatar Gallop.

On the 23rd November I got into the saddle; the morning opened in a tempest on the Black Sea, to which I was turning my back; it was tossed to and fro in foamy fury, agitated by one of those frightful storms, the result of "the elemental strife" of this part of the world. The ominous cloud about the size of a man's hand soon spread over the horizon; this seems to awake the winds, which threaten destruction to all opposing objects. It is a magnificent sight, and I waited some time until the clouds had poured out their contents, and that there should be some chance of a tranquil atmosphere. But the rain continued to fall; the horses were ready, the hurly-burly Tatar became impatient; so, "mounting the steed of acquiescence, and vaulting into the stirrups of impatience," we started. On climbing the paved hills (for such they literally are which bound the town of Trebisonde), they were cut into flights of stairs, over which the horses climb with wonderful ease. The ground was partially covered with snow, and the wind blew from every point of the compass. I had agreed with the Tatar to take me about eight hundred miles to Tabreez, which he was to do in as many days (per hundred) with five horses; one for the "surridgee," or guide, who takes the post horses from one station to another—such stations being from twenty to thirty miles apart, according to the villages;—the Tatar's horse, my own, one baggage, and one kitchen horse, to carry pans, kettles, provisions, &c.; those pro-

visions consisting principally of coffee, tea, sugar, rice, &c.; and the Tatar undertakes for bread, fowls, eggs, "yourt," or sour milk. However, it is precarious to trust too much to the purveyor, for the Tatars not only pay nothing to the villagers where they levy, but often tax them in coin, "for the skin of their teeth," as they call it. My bargain with him was 2500 Turkish piastres, or about twenty-five pounds sterling, with a "bakshish," or present, on arrival, provided I was satisfied with his conduct. This bargain I made through my interpreter, the Tatar not speaking Persian, so that not a word of understanding existed between us beyond that indispensable understanding "tchibook" and tobacco. In such travel dilemmas, and where you commit yourself to the care of an entire stranger who may lead you into ambush, or betray you to the "Koords," it is better to employ a government Tatar—his character and credit are at stake for your safe conduct; if he forfeits these he loses all future employ. These Tatars are generally bulky men; they ride small horses, and with a weight of tackling quite oppressive to the little animals, who shake themselves beneath their load, and run with an ambling pace more like a dog than a horse, when out of the gallop. I should observe that the Tatar is furnished with a "teskeret," or order from the Pasha to supply him with the required number of horses at the post-houses, an establishment much better kept up in Turkey than in Persia. This "teskeret" is deemed a necessary protection to the traveller; so having clomb over the hills,—"crack" goes the Tatar's long whip, he raises himself in his shovel stirrups, and issues such a wild cry of impatience, that the animals bound off, and the inspiration is felt by man and beast. The first stage to "Gevaslic," I deem the scenery to be more than "Switzerland the second;" the snowy hill-tops, interspersed here and there with the black pine, which yielding to the blast, scattered its white clothing about in flaky variety; then the mountain torrents, with their impetuous roar, hastening to the sea, impatient seemingly of every interruption. This was to me a sort of anxious day; the solitariness of the scene, though accompanied by man and beast, as over the difficult passes I was obliged to follow more like a bale of goods attached to the saddle than as having any interest in the adventure. Thus we got on; and even if Ferrajulah had understood me, what cared he about Alpine scenery! Arrived at our station, the horses fagged, and I somewhat jaded, I was glad to resume my old quarters at "Gevaslic," where I had formerly lodged; and on the benches of the coffee-house I established myself for the night, and made it out in tolerable comfort:—

"Sleep's dewy wand had stroked my drooping lids,
And promised me my long arrear of rest."

But the Tatar became jealous of my rest, and at three in the morning we were again in the saddle, having girded ourselves for the warfare of the day; we were soon climbing the hills again, this being a very mountainous district. Hence to the dreary station of "Karakaban," a solitary hut in the mountains, planted for the convenience of post horses. It appeared to me to be misery's head-quarters; and independent of a fine flow of water, I do not remember any other provision. We were now getting into the mining districts of "Gumish

Khaneh," or the "Silver House," with its surface as barren as its bowels were rich (if report spoke true, but principally with copper ore); the town itself was on the side of a hill, seemingly inaccessible; I saw no possibility of approach to it; but on turning the corner, a path had been hewed out through a rock which was strongly fortified; thus, in many of the Asiatic towns, instead of planting them where good approaches may be obtained, on the contrary, every design indicates mistrust, the fear of treachery, and the dread of arbitrary power. Threading our way to this most intricate town of "Gumish Khaneh," the Tatar housed me in a warm stable, and soon were my senses steeped in forgetfulness, which my restless companion rudely interrupted. To dispute his will would have been to be left alone in the wilderness; so buckling on my armour, I had nothing for it but to mount again the stirrup of activity. This district is noted for its good garden ground; and amongst other produce, the pears are most celebrated. I should say that the village bore rather a healthy hue compared to many others; there was less of that squalidness and skin-eaten poverty which in Tourkistan is often so conspicuous. Once in the saddle, the Tatar feels inspired again, sets up a wild howl of delight, cracks his whip, and off he sets full pelt, the horses seemingly partaking of his inspiration. If you happen to lag behind, then he acts as whipper in; you have only to keep the saddle, it is *his* affair to get you on as he would any other merchandise. Many a time was the "surridgee" rolling in the snow. He lays his whip over both man and horse: up they spring and on again, nothing daunted. This is a most spirit-stirring mode of travel, and the animation of a Tatar gallop is perfectly bewitching; it excites, I may almost say *creates* faculties not known before. The going over the boundless plains—the rocky ravines—the more difficult the road, the quicker it must be passed. There were many places where a few inches, right or left, it appeared to me, would be fatal to both man and horse. "Crack" goes the whip—they were passed before I had time to think of danger, and "Ferrajulah," looking back at me with that air of satisfaction which imposes confidence, I must confess that I became at length as fearless as himself, and enjoyed the bustling scene. How dreary it was to issue out of a warm stable at three o'clock in the morning, the snow flaking about in all directions, to obey the imperative commands of the merciless Tatar (for so I thought him at the time); he has quite as much sensibility as his horse, and nothing more. Had I had the reasoning powers—but it is no use: "Forward" is the order of the day. On arrival at Baiboot, I could scarcely get accommodated even with a stable. They have an inveterate enmity to all "Feringees" since the Russians beat the town about their ears—a large wound in the skull of a mosque, and a leaning minaret of another, perpetuate these blows on the Moslems. The successive stations of "Karogula" and "Ash Kaleh" were passed with every rapidity. At the latter, numerous streams were gushing down from the mountains, all combining to form that mighty Euphrates, which makes so long a march on the Asiatic soil. At Élidja, about ten miles from Arz Room, is a fountain of mineral water, surrounded by a low wall; it was then at boiling heat in the centre of the basin. Its properties

were celebrated for the cure of rheumatism, though but little availed of by the natives. Dashing into the city of *Arz Room*, almost blinded with the snow, I was gladdened with the sight of the "lion rampant and the one-horned unicorn" over the British consulate, the hospitable inmate of which gave prompt shelter and food to the weary traveller. The approach to this place, which is the capital of Turkish Armenia, is through the burying grounds, which are uninclosed and extend a great way, having numerous cupolas, head-stones with gilt turbans, and long inscriptions, for which the Turks are so celebrated in the way of epitaphs.

" On that small morsel of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

But the Tatar gallop affords no time to transcribe epitaphs; so arranging for fresh horses and renewing our *teskeret*, we were soon again in the saddle, arriving after dark at "*Hassan Kaleh*." I had consoled myself with the expectation of a long night of it in a warm stable, where man and beast mixed up together, one gets animal warmth where sometimes no other can be obtained; but the impatient Tatar thought otherwise; so girding himself at six o'clock, I had no alternative but to follow his imperious will, though I would have fain escaped from any farther progress that night. It was bitter cold. The roughness of the way caused many a slip to our steeds, rolling sometimes the Tatar and sometimes the "*surrigee*" in the snow. But these are trifles—nothing is permitted to prevent the Tatar's progress—the long whip does every thing for man and beast; its spirit-stirring influence is irresistible. In these midnight gallops the very sound of a dog is most harmonious, indicating a village, and possibly rest. About three o'clock in the morning we dashed into "*Delli Baba*" in spite of canine interruptions offered to us at every corner. Housed in a warm stable, I was asleep in an instant standing by my horse; but not long did I enjoy this privilege; "*Ferrajulah*" shook me to the painful consciousness of my being still subject to his arbitrary government. I resisted all I could. "*Yawash*," Stop! He then indicated that we were in the *Koord* country, insinuating danger by passing his knife before his throat, which I understood as the intelligencer of some possible catastrophe. This was exciting, so off we galloped "*nolens volens*." I was well acquainted with the country, and understood his intention to give me no rest until we arrived at *Torprach Kaleh*. I did expect to rough it certainly, but this was roughing it in the superlative degree; so I determined to resist my Tatar, and taking advantage of his advance, I bounded off to the first village I could discover, he after me, shouting and pointing towards this station. I got into the stable before him, and having been sixteen hours on horse, fell immediately asleep. This was a wretched place called "*Zadecan*," and with difficulty did I get the common supplies of bread and milk, the former having to wait the baking of. This is quite an event in a Turkish village. The oven is sunk in the ground of the common resting place, and heated by dried dung, the ordinary fuel in Turkish villages; the thin pancake dough is then planted against its sides below in flaps (if I may so say); it requires but short time to convert it into bread. So

sitting around the oven's mouth, I had to wait the operation with hungry impatience, and making out the night on dirty nummeds, I was quite ready at break of day to start for "Torprach Kaleh." Here we breakfasted with the "Agha," who was a "Koord;" indeed the whole neighbourhood may be said to be inhabited by these people, who in their striped "abas," or cloaks, and red woollen caps hanging largely down the neck, present a grotesque appearance in these wild countries. The horses were small but active, and we dashed through the numerous swamps with wonderful rapidity. "Ferrajulah" has no time for accidents, and as we made our first dash through the Euphrates, "Frat," he exclaimed (the Turkish name for this river), and cracking his whip, I had no time to taste of this most ancient of waters. "Diaden," the next station, presents some ruinous fortifications, all crumbling into dust. It was here that I was formerly riding over the roof of a house unknowingly (*Reminiscence*, No. 14); but the Tatar now found me better quarters. These government couriers are much respected in these countries—feared, I should say; a crack of their whip inspires terror. The wild passes of the mountains, although there was but little time to admire them, were fancifully grand this day—the snow on them was but partial; and the vallies, so rich in pasture varieties where they were sheltered from the northern blasts, it seemed a struggle, as it were, between summer and winter. I was too much engrossed with the struggle to heed my way, and down comes the horse, knees foremost, and as suddenly springing into the gallop by the magic of the Tatar's whip. We got to our station in fine style, though I imagined the jaded animals could never reach it. Two of the Turkish luxuries, in the way of feeding, are "Yaourt," or sour milk, and "Kymack," or clouted cream, both excellent of their kind. They have a minced meat called "Dogmah," being rolled into balls and covered with vine leaves—this is also good. Here, abundantly provided with these provisions, at a good station, messing together with "Ferrajulah," we laughed at and with each other, our only mode of intercourse. There is a sort of satisfaction in accomplishing any object of fatigue or difficulty, and I got so animated by my Tatar gallop as to feel quite impatient to get again into the saddle: a most important comfort to this mode of travelling is the English bridle and saddle, with which I was provided, the Turkish tackling is so very rude as to be almost unusable by a "Feregee." On the side of a ravine, in a rocky defile, lay a Kourdish village of straggling earth pots, as I call them—habitations they can scarcely be named, but "malgre moi," here he would take me; and with difficulty did we climb to those dens of misery, amidst the baying of dogs and the vociferations of a ragged community, for our arrival had produced quite an "emeute." The "Rysh Soofeed," or old "Agha," led the way to his domicile, from whence issued beings of all sorts—"shame-faced females" included—and seeing a "Feregee" come in amongst them, their modest confusion was of the most amusing kind; but they were all ejected together by the government authority, which bears more of the physical than the argumentative kind. "Ferrajulah" seemed quite at home here; they were his kindred for aught I know; and spite of my impatience, I had to make out the night of it amidst all

sorts of rubbish. The hut was lit from the top, there being no chimney, so the fire was kindled in the middle of it, in order to the smoke's emission, and as this was not always regular, we were visited with sundry portions of it, much to my discomfort. As to the Koordish cooking, it would puzzle even a "Kitchener" to imitate it; and as I lay on my nummed of patience and smoked my pipe of novelty, I was much amused at these scenes of Koordish domesticity. Not to dwell upon it, I wondered how the night arrangements were to be made to accommodate so large a family; looking out for retiring rooms, dormitories, &c. but not any were to be found; and as the night approached the family increased, but the sleeping arrangements were soon made; the dirty bolsters and carpets were brought in and stretched miscellaneously on the ground, the fire-spot being the most attractive. Here lay master, mistress, and sundry family sprouts, male and female, all of a heap as accident or cold seemed to draw them together, rather miscellaneously arranged. "Ferrajulah" and I kept our distance, for I had found out rather the aristocratic part of the cabin, and he lay at my feet. Koordish somnolency appeared to me to differ very little from that of "Frangistan." The old man began the concert, the others followed, about eight in number. This effectually prevented my taking part in it. About midnight a young woman came in accompanied by a large dog, and stalked cautiously around to discover seemingly a bare spot to rest upon. I watched their movements from the glare of the embers, which threw occasional flaming tints over the scene; but as she approached the aristocratic part of the cabin, I set up such a noise (as if in troubled sleep) that she soon decamped; and being desirous to do the same, I shook myself at an early hour from my nummed (the Koordish mode of cleansing), and most gladly escaped from my resting place. Being detained at Khoie a whole day to obtain horses, I lodged in the caravanserai, of brick floor and small dimensions, all in nudity; and, rambling through the bazaars, I saw a good deal of this large city, the gates of which are respectable; but the bridges over the dry ditch of that tumble-down description as to be highly dangerous; they are built on slight poles, so as to yield in the middle some six or eight inches of level, and miserably propped with poles from below. There is some design in this (as I imagine). Fancy a contumacious governor within; he cuts down the bridges in five minutes, and defies the outside authority. In Persia every thing indicates stratagem; half the world live by it; no wonder that the art so thrives on the soil, or at the ready wits of the Persians. The plain of Khoie is most extensive and richly dotted with villages. Not to tarry amongst them, we were now within two days of Tabreez. There was no time for musings. "Ferrajulah" became more impatient; the "Bakshish," or present, was to depend on his promptitude; and although the ground was occasionally much flooded, where bridges are unknown or so imperfect as to render them dangerous, we had many a fording difficulty, but they were all surmounted by his activity. When the old ark or arsenal of Tabreez appeared in view, which may be seen at a great distance, the Tatar raised himself in the stirrups, quite inspired, as it were, with the prospect. "Tabreez! Tabreez!" "Crack" goes the whip, the

jaded horses take fresh courage, and we very soon attained the goal of our wishes. I was uncommonly pleased with my recognitions of even the mud walls, and making rapid way over the rotten bridge, was much gratified to hear shouted out, "Sahib ame dast," the Sahib is come," from an old acquaintance who was making way to me. As I galloped up to the Khan's my old abode, from thence to the doctor's, I was received on all sides with the kindest greetings,—“Koosh amadeed,” “Koosh guelden,” and so on. Really I began to think that this world is not such a barren spot for human affections as some represent it to be, and I felt a sort of fraternising amongst my Persian friends to be termed home-ties; and the domestics coming in, salaaming, kissing your hand, with, “Your place has long been empty,” “May your shadow increase,” &c. it was a most agreeable termination to my journey; then the sort of triumph with which “Ferrajulah” led me in, having performed his bargain, and looking for his “Bakshish.” I speedily delivered myself, through my interpreter, of the numerous inquiries which I had bottled up on the way,—why he stopped at one place, and went on from another; all of which he satisfactorily answered; and I made him happy beyond his expectations. To give a fillip to nature and a buoyancy to the faculties, I should say there is nothing like a Tatar gallop.

GERSHOM.

THE RED-HOT BARBER.

SHOWING HOW HE MADE LOVE, AFTER A FASHION WHICH WE DO NOT FEEL BOUND TO RECOMMEND TO THE READER.

WHAT an odd unaccountable compound of strange whims, fancies, vagaries, extravagancies, and absurdities is that species of man usually called the barber! The individuals of it may be divided into two classes. The first is a set of dismal mortals, who are distinguished by phizes of more than ordinary length, and of much thinner texture than is usually considered consistent with a well-fed stomach. You might as well expect the great elephant in the Regent's Zoological Gardens to indite a love sonnet, as to hope, by any effort of wit or humour, to raise a smile on the countenance of a barber of this description. He seems to have forsworn mirth, and to have unalienably given his allegiance to the goddess of melancholy. Immersed in his own blue-devil thoughts, he deprives you of your beard and your twopence, without breaking his taciturnity; and deliberately folding up his white cloth, sees you depart, scarcely vouchsafing a grumpy adieu.

The other class, on the contrary, is composed of the merriest creatures alive. Possessing a certain comfortable rotundity of person and jolliness of temper, they seem to be on the best of terms with themselves, and all around them. Having few cares of their own, they think it but proper that they should share those belonging to their neighbours, and thus they become a complete reservoir of news, true and untrue, which they are not slack to impart, with sundry additions, to their customers. These personages are generally fond of the “Red Lion,” when they get any body to stand treat; and often wheedle the housemaid out of half a pint of table ale, when such is kept in the house.

But he, whom we have chosen more especially for the hero of this paper, belonged to neither of these classes. He could indeed gossip, and boast, and lie, yet he had other qualities which rendered him more conspicuous than they alone would have done. He was the laughing-stock of the parish; not because he was a barber, but because he was what a barber generally is not.

Ben Bouncer possessed in the year 18—, three things—a shop, a business, and a nick-name. The two former pleased him right well. The latter, however, stung him to the quick; and the more he writhed, the firmer did the hated cognomen stick to him. His proper name seemed to have been clean forgotten; as men, women, and children, recognized him only by the style and title of the *Red-hot Barber*. Poor Ben, in his vexation, had even gone to the expense of having “BENJAMIN BOUNCER, HAIR-DRESSER,” inscribed in large letters above his door, in hope that his neighbours would take the hint, and cease calling him by the hateful appellation. Vain, however, were his exertions; for one night some spiteful wag pasted a sheet of paper on which he had too legibly scrawled the provoking words, “*Ben Bouncer, the Red-hot Barber*,” over the board containing the admonition. The next morning Ben was ready to burst with rage—the villagers with laughing.

Unfortunately Ben Bouncer harboured such a quantity of inflammable gas in his breast, that it was ever exploding, and doing vast injury—to himself. He was not able to do much to any one else; his physical strength not being at all commensurate with his mental energy. He had a conception that he was the bravest of mortals; and certainly, if passion is to be taken as a proof of bravery, nobody will dispute Ben's claim. Thus was it he obtained his enviable distinction as the *Red-hot Barber*—a distinction which he fully merited. Nor were plenty of opportunities wanting for the display of his distinguishing characteristic. The village urchins, when they had congregated together in sufficient numbers to defy his wrath, would bawl after him, “*Red-hot Barber! Red-hot Barber!*” and then laugh, as they perceived the crimson blood rise in his face, and heard his loud expressions of anger. At length Ben bought a whip with a full determination to give the young rogues a thorough chastisement next time they so plagued him. But in this poor Ben had miscalculated his means. When he attempted to put his resolution into practice, the urchins, vigorously attacking him, quickly levelled him to the earth, and, with his own whip, revenged themselves as long as they dared. The *Red-hot Barber* raved and swore; but the more he swore the more he was laughed at. Poor Ben had yet to learn that the only way to avoid being laughed at, is either to join in the laugh or disregard it. He took one or two of the ringleaders before a magistrate, and loudly demanded justice; but the boys were dismissed with a severe reprimand. The *Red-hot Barber* thought he was wronged past endurance; and went that very evening and enrolled himself as a member of the “*Poor Man's Radical Club*,” being, he said, fully convinced of the necessity of reform, when such horrible injustice could be allowed in a Christian land.

Notwithstanding his passionate heats, Ben had affections; in proof

whereof he fell in love with a maiden, who to him appeared fair as the Spartan Helena, and virtuous as the constant Penelope. To be sure, neither her name or her occupation was poetical; but what cared Ben for that? She had entangled him in her chains; and although her hand was rather hard, he would have given the world to have obtained possession of it. Molly, the 'squire's housemaid, seemed to him to be preferable to all the duchesses in the land.

Alas! servants are not what they used to be. Pride has even found a place among them. Now, one would have thought that Ben Bouncer, a man who, as things go, was well to do in the world, would not have been a bad match for the fair Molly. She, however, thought otherwise. What! marry a barber—faugh!

One day, as the Red-hot Barber was sitting in his shop, pondering over the charms of his cruel fair one, and considering how, when, and where he should pop the question, the door opened, and Molly entered, having in her hands a lady's false hair front.

"Here! my missus says," began she, "that you don't know how to make up a front no more than a cat; for directly she puts it on it all comes out and makes her look like an owl in an ivy bush. So she has sent it you back, and says that if you don't do it better this time you shan't have it no more."

Ben took the front, and twirled its long, lanky curls about his fingers. He was not thinking of the front, but of the fair Molly. Was she not alone? What time so favourable as the present?

"Why, my dear," replied Ben, "I don't know how it is—but the front's worn out. Your mistress ought to have had a new one a long time ago."

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Molly, "she ought to have a new one every week, oughtn't she?"

"Rich people should make good for trade," rejoined Ben. "But what think you, my dear Moll, of your place—is it a comfortable one?"

"How very strange it is," remarked Moll, "that some people won't mind their own business."

Ben was taken aback. He felt, too, a little indignation arise at the fair housemaid's last inuendo, but he repressed it.

"No offence should be taken where none is meant," said he. "Sit down—I have something very particular to say to you."

"Then you can't say it now; for I have a world of things to do at home, and talking with a barber won't assist me, I fancy."

Poor Ben felt still more vexed. He hated to be called a *barber*—he styled himself a hair-dresser. However, he swallowed this affront, though not without a little difficulty.

"Dear Molly," said he, "do hear me. I'm in love."

The damsel burst out into a loud laugh.

"In love!" repeated she; "in love! Pray, if I may make so bold, who's your intended? Isn't it Poll Carey?"

Now Poll Carey was an old char-woman—as ugly as she was old. The Red-hot Barber felt his blood boil at the insult; and he exclaimed with much vehemence—

"No, Moll—you know it is *not* she! I'm in—in—in love with you! There, 'tis out now!"

"With me!" said Moll, gathering herself up into a posture expressive of vast disdain. "With me! and pray who told you I'd marry any body like you—a little, shuffling, Red-hot Barber!"

Fancy, reader, the look of our hero. No mortification—no regret could have been traced in his countenance—he was almost choking with passion. Jumping up, he laid hold of his beloved's shoulders, and cried, "I will not be refused in that manner! You *shall* have me!"

"Leave me loose, Mr. Barber," exclaimed Moll, "else I'll scream right out!"

"Will you have me, I say?"

"No!"

"No! What, you will not have the Red-hot Barber! You're too proud," cried Ben, still continuing his hold of Moll's shoulders. "Every body laughs at me, but I'll show them that I am *not* to be laughed at. Will you have me?"

"I tell you no! let me loose!"

"What, you won't—you won't—you won't!" exclaimed the Red-hot Barber, giving Moll several admonitory shakes between each exclamation—"but you shall!"

"Let me loose, sir!" cried the struggling Moll, who did not relish this ungentle treatment.

"Yes, I will let you loose," responded Ben, "there, go!" and he pushed her away from him with such violence, that the luckless Moll measured her length on the floor. Ere she fell, she gave a real feminine scream—such a one as a man would vainly attempt to imitate.

"What's the matter?" said three old women, Ben's neighbours, bustling in, "what's the matter? la! what have you done to the girl?"

"Murdered me, I think," said Moll, rising, "and all because I wouldn't have him. He knocked me down to make me love him, I suppose."

"Are you hurt?"

"Not much—he has only grazed my elbow. Good bye, Mr. Barber, and next time you make love, just keep your hands to yourself."

And Moll sailed away, in company with the old women.

This incident soon got noised abroad. Moll, determined to give the Red-hot Barber a lesson, took out a warrant against him for an assault. Accordingly, at the petty sessions, the whole affair was narrated, amidst peals of laughter. There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in the idea of a man knocking a girl down in order to make her love him, that poor Ben not only became "the observed of all observers," but the complete laughing-stock of the parish. Even his brother members of the "Poor Man's Radical Club" twitted him upon his courtship, and absolutely forgot to discuss their wrongs and grievances that evening. Poor Ben was all but mad. He fumed, and threatened, and stormed; but his fumings, and threatenings, and stormings, were powerless to turn from him the keen edge of public ridicule. His customers, when he went to shave them in the morning, would ask whether he meant to prosecute his suit with regard to Moll, and advise him since knocking her down had no effect, to try if

setting fire to the house might not produce a favourable change in her sentiments. Go where he would, every body had a joke, ready cut and dried, to play off upon him; until at last he was almost driven to distraction. The village urchins, every time he passed them, looked impudently up into his face, and inquired, "Who knocked down the girl to make her love him?" And then answering their own question, they exclaimed "The Red-hot Barber! the Red-hot Barber!" Indeed, as he said, very truly, he led at this time a proper dog's life. At length, he so far forgot himself as to send a challenge to a navy captain who had twitted him. The captain showed the ill-spelt, blotted, and angry letter about, and the poor barber was more laughed at than ever. He could bear it no longer. He sold off his stock, shut up his shop, got on the top of the London coach, and resolved never again to set eyes upon the scene of his mortifications. This resolution he has kept, for no one has since heard anything of the Red-hot Barber.

SELWYN COSWAY.

THE LEGEND OF COUNT EGMONT'S BRIDAL.

A GERMAN TRADITION.

BY THE HONOURABLE D. G. OSBORNE.

THE morn was gorgeous, o'er each distant tower
Day's glorious orb diffused his golden rays;
Odours most sweet exhaled from every flower,
And the lark sang on high his grateful lays:
Whilst ever and anon you heard the chime
Of merry bells, arising over all,
Which told the listener of some jocund time,
And ushered in some joyous festival.

'Tis Egmont's bridal day, a nobler knight
Than he, ne'er courted dame or vanquished foe;
In lady's chamber, or in deadly fight,
None more successful could his country show.
Of graceful figure, yet commanding mien,
Of birth the highest in heraldic pride;
He'd won besides—his fairest boast I ween—
The Lady Bertha for his beauteous bride.

Count Egmont's youth had blithely passed along,
In the gay tumult of a varied life;
The dance, the jest, the banquet, and the song,
Had alternated with the battle's strife.
Love, too, had culled its brightest flow'rs for him,
And many a tender, blue-eyed German maid
Had been the plaything of his lordly whim,
And mourned the arts which won her—then betrayed.

Finding, at length, that dissipation cloy,
And war no longer yielding scope for fame,
Egmont resolved to seek in wedded joys
The purer pleasures of an honest flame.
Yet had his heart long hovered in suspense,
Perplexed to choose amidst contending charms ;
He wished for beauty, rank, and *innocence*,
(The rarest prize of all) to bless his arms.

The Lady Bertha in herself combined
Those three important requisites, for she
Could boast the gifts of person and of mind,
And a long line of noble ancestry.
Her maiden purity was ne'er assailed
By the dark whisper of suspicion's voice ;
Before her brilliant eyes the brightest quailed,
Such then was Bertha, such Count Egmont's choice.

Louder and louder rings the merry peal,
Shouts rend the air—the nuptial knot is tied ;
The heralds clear the way with ready zeal,
“ Room for Count Egmont and his lovely bride.”
Six cream-white steeds of form and breed most rare
Stand harnessed to a princely equipage ;
To the Count's castle speed the noble pair,
And with them went a young and handsome page.

There was a mystery about that youth,
He'd lately taken service with the Count,
But of his birth and parentage, in sooth,
None could obtain a very clear account.
He said his name was Albert, that he'd been
An orphan for some years, and this was all
The Count's domestics from the page could glean,
Which caused some grumbling in the servants' hall.

Yet he was always so intent to please,
To execute with quickness each behest,
Withal so trusty, that by quick degrees,
He'd ris'n to favour in his master's breast.
But Lady Bertha we must needs confess,
(A pretty woman's frequently unjust
In liking and disliking) prized him less,
In fact she viewed him with some slight distrust.

He was a very handsome youth, and yet
There lurked a fierceness in his dark, black eye,
Which made you shrink aside, whene'er you met
His glance, as though a deadly snake were nigh ;
And when he smiled ('twas rarely) one might deem
His heart with some strange bitterness was wrung,
Which he would fain conceal, it did not seem
A fitting smile for one so fair and young.

They reached the castle, an uncovered train
Of menials press respectfully to greet
The fair young mistress of their Lord's domain—
With winning courtesy, in voice most sweet,
Their heartfelt homage the young bride repays,
And hears with modest yet confiding joy,
The old domestics her own Egmont praise,
Whom they had known and honoured from a boy.

We know 'tis reckoned as a standing dish,
A kind of rule at marriages like this,
For ancient servants to express a wish,
The happy pair may live long years of bliss.
Now this old custom, as most others are,
Is very pretty, proper, and all that ;
But then, sometimes, these wishes stretch so far,
One scarce can form a guess what they'd be at.

I heard a gray-haired butler once exclaim,
Pointing to some great picture on the wall,
He wished his youthful master's lot the same
As his old grandfather's had been in all.
Now with due deference to the zeal which he
Thus showed, I think it was a shade too bad
To wish his master might at twenty-three,
Be like his crusty, gouty, deaf grand-dad.

You'll pardon this digression ; our fond pair
Were left descending at the castle gate,
And they were straightway ushered in from there
To a rich banquet-room, with fitting state.
A slight but yet an exquisite repast
Refreshed their spirits and renewed their strength,
(The worst of all things is too long a fast !)
And the young lovers are alone at length.

They are alone ! Count Egmont and his bride ;
With deep, ungovernable ecstasy
He views the beauteous creature by his side,
His own, blest thought ! his own eternally.
His arm hath gently clasped her graceful form,
Yet doth she not her downcast eyelids raise ;
On her soft cheek his breath is playing warm,
His love-fraught eyes beseech an answering gaze.

She lifts at length, half-trembling at the deed,
Those stag-like orbs whose bright but fatal fire
A hermit's resolution might mislead,
And bid him cease a heav'n to look for higher.
Oh, 'twould defy a mortal pen t' express
The *woman's* fondness, yet the *virgin's* shame,
With which she greeted her young lord's caress,
And owned an equal but more bashful flame.

I have read somewhere of some nation's creed,
 Who fondly deem that for each human heart,
 The great Creator, from whom all proceed,
 Hath kindly formed a fitting counterpart ;
 And should by chance those separate spirits meet,
 By some electric spark, divinely given,
 Each will the other recognizing greet,
 And thus fulfil the great design of heaven.

'Tis a wild fancy, yet it doth not lack
 Of gracefulness, the thought that even here
 In the wide universe's boundless track,
 Some kindred spirit may be hov'ring near,
 Which when the happy moment shall have come,
 Foreseen by God's all-penetrating eye,
 Shall with its brother spirit find a home
 By some ethereal freemasonry.

It is the fashion constantly to sneer
 At married life : they say your passion cools
 When bound to the same object year by year ;
 But those who broach this doctrine are but fools.
 What can be more delightful to the mind,
 Which by itself upon itself would prey,
 Than some one fond congenial soul to find,
 Which meets its every wish and thought half way.

A mistress is a feather, light and vain ;
 (They're rather fond of feathers too sometimes) :
 "Milwood" and others, make it very plain,
 That lawless love will lead to fearful crimes ;
 She brought her lover to the fatal rope,
 And may deservedly be styled a "rod,"
 But then—if I may change the words of Pope—
 A faithful wife's the "noblest work of God !"

One feels no confidence, no sure esteem,
 In those connexions which a mere caprice
 May in a moment (like a summer's dream
 Which rises but to vanish) bid to cease.
 These transitory passions are a curse,
 There's nothing like a good old-fashioned wife,
 For there she is, "for better or for worse,"
 Tied firmly to you till the end of life.

Again digressing, this will never do,
 The printer's devil clamours for his sheet.
 Back to our story, we had left our two
 Young lovers occupied in dalliance sweet.
 But now the shades of evening closing o'er,
 While weary Phœbus hid his drowsy head,
 Warned them that day's bright empire was no more,
 And bade them hasten to the nuptial bed.

But ere they sought their chamber, a long train
Of faithful tenants modestly proposed
To sing in honour of the pair a strain
Which the old castle minstrel had composed.
Egmont good humouredly assented, though
He doubtless had preferred his chamber's rest
To their discordant voices, but you know
They meant it all, poor devils, for the best.

THE EPITHALAMIUM.

Now all hail to our Count and the beautiful bride
He hath brought in the halls of his fathers to dwell ;
She 's the flow'r of our country, fair Germany's pride,
And her charms rule all hearts like a magic fraught spell.
Now all hail to our Count who hath borne off the prize,
Though his rivals were thick as the leaves on the tree ;
But they shrank from the glance of our young hero's eyes,
For who is there draws sword, or wins lady like he ?
Let the feast be prepared ; let the wine cup go round ;
Let the loud swelling chorus attest our delight ;
See the beautiful brow of our Bertha is crowned
With the flow'rs of the orange tree, spotless and white.
Oh ! young Cupid o'er nuptials so blest shall preside,
And the torch of old Hymen its pure ray will shed ;
While the goddess of beauty adorns the sweet bride
For the arms of her Egmont, and hallows the bed.
As the streamlet to mix with the ocean will run,
Though its waters be lost in the depth of the waves,
As that ocean is kissed by the amorous sun
When, descending, his head in its bosom he laves.
As the dove seeks her mate, as the flow'rs drink the dew,
Even thus shall our Bertha, the fondly adored,
Ever turn with affection, fresh springing and new,
To the ardent embrace of her love and her lord.
Then all hail to our Count ! may a numerous line
Be permitted hereafter this union to grace ;
May his castle which proudly frowns over the Rhine
Be for ever maintained by some chief of his race.
That his daughters may equal in virtue and charms
The fair mother who bears them, we humbly desire,
While his sons in the lustre of deeds and of arms
Shall inherit the honours and fame of their sire !

And now advanced the page, and bearing up,
With graceful motion and respectful air,
A silver mounted antique drinking cup,
He lowly knelt before the wedded pair.
Egmont first raised the goblet to his lips,
Then offered to his bride the genial draught,
To pledge her lord the gentle Bertha sips—
And at that instant Albert slightly laughed.

There had been something worthy of remark,
A certain restlessness about the page,
Which seemed as though some purpose foul and dark
In thoughts of evil did his mind engage.
He had been seen to smile too on that night,
(That fiendish smile of his) especially
When the good servants prayed their master might
Boast a long line of fair posterity.

But in that universal mirth and joy
None had the leisure, or at least the will,
To watch the vain caprices of a boy
Who might be out of temper, sad or ill ;
So the gay revelry went blithely on,
And the old castle rang with many a jest,
Though now Count Egmont and his bride had gone
To seek the nuptial chamber of their rest.

The day is breaking, night hath passed away,
The starry train hath yielded to the dawn ;
The sun will rise as bright as yesterday,
When first he smiled on Egmont's bridal morn.
The castle inmates had unclosed their eyes,
(The wine had made their slumbers rather deep),
And to their various avocations rise
Refreshed by "nature's comforter," blest sleep.

The sun is at his height, 'tis mid-day past,
The hawks have been in readiness since ten ;
The falc'ner's choicest birds—a beauteous cast—
For Egmont fixed the time of sporting then ;
Yet the Count comes not from his nuptial room
To mount his gallant steed ; why doth he bide ?
Perchance he thinks it but a sorry doom
To leave so soon his loved and lovely bride.

The day draws nigh its close ! and yet no sign
Of Egmont or his lady—fears begin
To agitate all minds ; none can divine
What cause delays their lord so long within :
At the closed door some reverently knock,
And ask admittance—vainly—till a few,
Grown bolder, resolutely force the lock—
God ! what a scene of horror meets their view !

On the rich bridal couch, where silk and gold
Most rare devices had been used to wreath,
Lay the young couple, stiff, and stark, and cold,
Hushed in the silence not of sleep, but death !—
A death so horrid that the shuddering mind
Could scarcely picture such a loathsome fate ;
A sight so fearful it might well nigh blind
And blast the eye which dared to contemplate.

Poison had done the dark behest of crime !
Not pestilence in all its varied range,
Nor the less swift but surer hand of time,
Could e'er have wrought so terrible a change.
No well-known lineaments a kindred eye
In each disfigured mass of clay could trace,
Scarce even a vestige of humanity
In the swoll'n features of each livid face.

From their position, it appeared that they
Had felt the venom in its first attack,
As in love's fond embrace they sleeping lay ;—
Then as the fatal pain began to rack,
Closer and closer in each other's arms
The wretches nestled, as though torture *there*
Were powerless, and death had no alarms
While each the other's suffering could share.

But when the horrid anguish reached its worst,
Madness had turned their love to bitter mood ;
Egmont had strove to quench his raging thirst
In the pure current of his Bertha's blood.
The snowy bosom, once in love caressed,
His impious teeth had pierced ; and on the floor,
From the unhallowed wound of that fair breast,
In dull, foul cadence dripped the sluggish gore.

When the young child, unconscious yet of guile,
With not a sinful thought to be forgiv'n,
Resigns his being with a cherub smile,
And leaves this earth for more congenial heav'n ;
Or when the aged Christian, whose long span
Of years hath passed in holiness of life,
Playing no more the cumbrous part of man,
Bids an adieu to human cares and strife—

When 'midst the horrors of the battle field,
Where fly on every side the darts of death,
The warrior scorning ev'n the thought to yield,
Breathes for his country's sake his latest breath ;
Or when the martyr to the faggot tied,
With steadfast glance still gazing on the sky,
Hears taunts and curses with an holy pride,
And dies rejoicing in his agony :—

There may be reason for our tears, yet they
Perish at least in honour or in peace ;
And that reflection should have force to stay
Our grief, and make our murmurings to cease.
Death, too, a welcome guest, comes crowned with flowers
To the sick pauper or the smarting slave,
Who gladly hails the fast approaching hours
That bring him nigh his last, best home, the grave.

But death is fearful when his murderous arm
 At "one fell swoop" 's commissioned to destroy
 All that existence boasts of as its charm,
 (Springs in life's desert) love, and hope, and joy;
 When the dread fingers of the monster king,
 Before whose icy touch all beings crouch,
 Break in their cruel sport the nuptial ring,
 And tear the wreaths that deck the bridal couch.

God! what a contrast to the day before,
 That glorious day when all seemed glad and bright,
 When through her partial glass Affection saw
 The future coloured with a lovely light.
 This world seemed peopled with a radiant throng
 Of blessed visions, far too fair for earth,
 And laughing Cupid lightly tripped along
 Before their feet, the harbinger of mirth!

Oh! what had they to do with death or pain
 In the full bloom of beauty and of youth?
 It sounded to them as a fable vain,
 Or, at the worst, a yet far-distant truth.
 Their's was the envied, ever-blissful lot,
 Not the black coffin's melancholy gloom:
 Their's was the art-adorned, love-hallowed spot,
 Not the foul worm, the damp and narrow tomb!

Or if the thought at intervals arose,
 At least the image was not *all* of grief;
 The view they pictured of their being's close
 Was rendered welcome by the fond belief,
 That in the winter of a good old age,
 When life had answered all its various ends,
 Death would with softness shut the happy page
 Amongst a group of dear and mourning friends.

That at the moment of the final scene,
 When this world's curtain drops, no more to rise,
 There might attending on the couch have been
 Some well-beloved child to close their eyes.
 One to whose care they proudly might bequeath
 Their fame and rank, and deem, nor deem in vain,
 That when the parents' deeds were hushed in death,
 In a son's virtues they would live again.

Not such the sentence of relentless fate—
 In the full vigour of their youth's spring time,
 When every blessing seemed their nod to wait,
 They were cut off, a holocaust to crime!
 In one short moment summoned to remove
 From earthly joys, unconscious and unshriven,
 To change the blushing bed of happy love
 For the tribunal of impartial heav'n!

For the dark vengeful passions which combined
In causing this catastrophe abhorred,
Another story must be intertwined
With that whose sad event we now record.
A woman's love, to which his heart did cling,
The fairest hopes of bliss to Egmont gave;
A woman's vengeance was the moving spring
Which crushed those hopes and doomed him to the grave.

'Neath the warm climate of Italia's sun,
In a sequestered and romantic vale,
Near where the silver tides of Arno run,
Sheltered from sultry heat or autumn gale,
Lived an old peasant in his humble cot,
An honest patriarchal-minded man,—
One young and lovely daughter shared his lot,
And fondly watched his life's declining span.

Francesca's charms were of no common class,
Her full yet faultless figure's symmetry
The sculptor's best creations did surpass—
And then the glances of her jet-black eye
Seemed from her country's sun to steal their rays,
And you might trace, as in an open page,
A kind of fierceness in their piercing gaze,
Which told the love they breathed might turn to rage.

And when you add to all this loveliness
A perfect foot, and summers just eighteen,
You will not find it hard to form a guess
How dangerous Francesca must have been
To any luckless wight who chanced to roam
In that direction, for, indeed, to light
On such a jewel in a peasant's home,
Would be enough to set *me* raving quite!

Her education, as you may suppose,
Was not quite calculated to adapt
To the world's ways; she darned her father's hose:
At milking goats too she was somewhat apt,
Her soft untutored voice with sweetness trolled
Some simple airs; her knowledge reached no higher;
Now you know all about her, when you're told,
Her brain was all romance, her soul all fire.

In search, it happened, of "the picturesque,"
(Whether in views or women none can say,)
Hoping to add some sketches to his desk,
A handsome stranger wandered once that way.
Smit with the lovely site, the kind old host,—
And the host's daughter, it is likely, more—
In that lone cot he long took up his post,
And doubtless much increased his artist's store.

He was a German, and a lucky thought
 Occurred, by which their kindness he returned.
 His native language he Francesca taught,
 Who, naturally quick, with aptness learned.
 Now, when the tutor and the pupil both
 Are young and handsome—doubt it if you please—
 Too often love keeps pace with learning's growth,
 For which see Rousseau in the "*Heloise*."

Being a poet too, he loved to hear
 The fair Francesca sing his tender lays,
 His song's fictitious passion seemed more dear
 When *her* pure voice the melody did raise.
 The poetry of love is very fine
 (Especially our own), yet somehow he
 Got tired of songs at last, and much did pine
 For a small share of love's *reality*.

It may have been, the simple peasant's voice
 Was not sufficiently endowed with skill
 To please a connoisseur who did rejoice
 In squalling prima donnas, loud and shrill.
 It may have been—a thousand things beside—
 But he grew sick of passion which *the tongue*
 Alone expressed, and sedulously tried
 To make his pupil practice what she sung.

We need not paint the progress of the suit,
 It would enormously prolong our tale.
 She fell, and that's enough, it doth not boot
 To tell you *when* her purity did fail.
 You may conceive an inexperienced girl,
 Through whose veins coursed the hot Italian blood,
 With ease was borne along in passion's whirl,
 Till virtue perished in the fatal flood.

The German soon got weary of his prize;
 He was more lively than his sluggish race,
 And constancy was nothing in his eyes
 Before th' attractions of a fair new face!
 So one fine day he quietly took wing
 And left Francesca to digest her rage—
 (Which by the way was no such easy thing)—
 Count Egmont was that German, *she* the page.

Two years elapsed, Francesca was alone;
 Her aged sire had lately died, and left
 His daughter her own mistress, friends she'd none,
 But yet she was not totally bereft;
 She found a bag of coins beneath the floor,
 Hid in a coffer of good sturdy ash—
 'Tis very well to call these peasants poor,
 They sometimes leave a monstrous lot of cash!

She had found out the name and residence
Of her false lover, from a book which he
Had chanced to leave behind through negligence—
Your lovers always act imprudently.
While the deep dark emotions of her heart
With rage and hatred swelled, she could not rest
Till vengeance had performed its bloody part,—
To love, next passion in a woman's breast.

Thenceforth her mode of life's a mystery,
Till in the garb and seeming of a page,
But little dreaming of her history,
Count Egmont did her services engage.
You know the fatal sequel of the plot—
The crime how great—the vengeance how complete.
They say her restless ghost still haunts the spot,
And many a boor doth still the tale repeat.

Where her existence ended none can tell
For certain, but 'tis rumoured currently
That in the refuge of a convent's cell
She died at last, a nun of sanctity.
If her repentance were indeed sincere,
Mother of Mercies! 'twas thy gracious deed,
Who look'st in clemency on sinners here,
And with the Son for them dost intercede.

CHARTISM—SOCIALISM.

THE most superficial observer of life and society feels a secret consciousness that the world is upon the eve of great political and social changes; although the most far-seeing eye cannot penetrate the deep mists and dark shadows that hang over the future. The French revolution, with its bloody and gorgeous scenes, its mighty triumphs, its signal defeats, its heroes, its victims, has become only a matter of history; but many of the results of that great popular movement yet remain to be worked out. The English revolutions were, even in their progress, much more in their effects, political, rather than social; and the different orders of society moved in their several spheres under Cromwell, as under Charles—under William, as under James. But the French, or may we not justly term it, the European revolution, overshadowed all ranks of men, and affected every condition of society. From its commencement until the present hour, there has existed on the part of the higher orders of society feelings of alarm and insecurity; while the great mass of the community, naturally dissatisfied with its present condition, expects to find in political and social changes that prosperity and plenty of which revolutions have been hitherto unproductive national antipathies; war, with the false and temporary prosperity which it engendered for a time, occupied and distracted the public mind, but the long peace, with its commercial revolutions, has

awakened amongst the working classes a spirit of restless inquiry, prepared to question, if not to reject, those opinions to which men formerly gave an unhesitating assent.

In reasoning upon the present discontent, which undeniably prevails to a great extent amongst all classes of the working population, we are too apt to ascribe them exclusively either to political or social causes. To one class of politicians universal suffrage, to another the repeal of the new poor law appears to be the only means for removing that dissatisfaction which embitters the popular mind ; while to others, the want of religious instruction appears the source of all the social evils under which we labour. The first forget that to men labouring for their daily bread, political privileges are in themselves of little value. The second are unable or unwilling to perceive that the hostility with which the people regard the new poor law, arises not only from the harsh operation of that measure upon their interests and feelings, but still more from its being regarded as a systematic attack by the rich upon the rights of the poor. The last forget that to men smarting under physical sufferings, and impressed with a sense of wrong, religion, unless united with some new political or social theory, seems to be little better than an engine contrived to denounce and silence their just complaints.

It is indeed an axiom in political science, that the great mass of the community is never raised from its natural torpor and apathy unless by the pressure of physical suffering, or some cruel outrage upon their national habits and feelings. But in connexion with this fact, we must never forget that in proportion as a people become more instructed and enlightened, their standard of physical comfort is elevated, and deprivations to which they might at one time have patiently submitted, become at another time insupportable. It is one of the most alarming symptoms of the present time, that while the people are becoming more intellectualized and refined, their physical condition is becoming more deteriorated ; so that in proportion as they are beginning to value the comforts and decencies of life, they find themselves less able to procure the one or consult the other. It is to this incongruity between their feelings and circumstances, that we must ascribe much of that vague and latent discontent which now pervades the working classes, and of which, every now and then, some terrible symptom is breaking forth to warn us of the volcano upon which we are treading. Reform enthusiasm, Chartist insurrection, and Socialism with all its wicked and anarchical maxims, but shadow forth on the part of the people an impatient longing to realize some fond Utopian dream, in which knowledge, plenty, leisure, may be no longer confined to the few, but extended to the many. True it is, that the great mass of our population is yet averse to insurrection, yet untainted with the foul and desolating doctrines which assume the name of Socialism ; but not less true is it, that the great majority of the working classes are dissatisfied with their present condition, and prepared to sanction any political or social experiments which may promise to remove those glaring inequalities which now constitute a part of our social system.

Those who look beyond the mere party interests of an hour, cannot but witness with regret, and almost indignation, session after session

wasted in party squabbles, while the real interests of the people and the dangers which threaten the empire, are treated with indifference, if not contempt. The great object of the present race of statesmen is to make provision for the passing hour, to ward off pressing dangers by temporary expedients, of which even their authors scarcely know the ultimate tendency, while posterity, or more properly, the succeeding year, is left to shift for itself, to encounter daily accumulating dangers, and to contrive remedies daily less easy of application. Fierce discontent, breaking forth into open insurrection, pervades great masses of the people; but when that insurrection is put down, and when the tumultuous murmurs of that fierce discontent are hushed into sullen silence, every thing goes on as before; and neither the man who wields the destinies of empire, nor the man who aspires to do so, ventures to probe the social wound, the manifestation of whose deadly symptoms has spread terror and consternation throughout the land. Some talk of suffrage extension, some of church extension, and some of poor laws, but all speak only the language of a party or a faction: and the Radical, as well as the Whig or the Tory, shrinks from a searching investigation into social evils for which he might be unable to suggest a remedy, although in the meantime he finds it convenient to urge them as an argument in behalf of his own favourite dogmas.

Those who have attentively considered the recent manifestations of popular discontent must have been struck with the important fact, that there appeared to exist, on the part of the people, rather a vague longing for some kind of change, than a fixed desire for any particular measure of innovation. Perhaps, indeed, the orator who denounced the new poor law, met with the warmest reception from the people, for Englishmen are much more easily excited to resent what they consider an invasion of their prescriptive rights, than to contend for new political privileges. Thus Oastler, the Tory, was as popular an agitator as Feargus O'Connor, the extreme Radical; and while the Radical was compelled to join the Tory in denouncing the new poor law, the Tory did not find it necessary to join the Radical in advocating universal suffrage. This fact, and many others which might be brought forward, seem to prove, that social amelioration, not political privilege, was the great object of the recent agitation; and that not democratical, but paternal government, is best fitted to accomplish the objects and satisfy the desires of the people. Let us not indeed be understood to allege, that the desire which the people manifested for an extension of the suffrage, was weak or lukewarm; our meaning is, that the popular zeal in behalf of that measure was chiefly occasioned by a conviction that its operation would produce a beneficial change in the outward circumstances of the people. There is no ground to believe that if this beneficial change was otherwise accomplished, the people would be found ready to join in agitation, far less insurrection, to change the form of government, or to convert our present mixed constitution into a pure democracy. The poorer classes of the community, when prosperous and well fed, are even more unlikely than the middle and higher orders of society to disturb the public peace, or to clamour for a change of government. Newspapers may rail, and demagogues may declaim, but neither the efforts of the one

nor the other will produce more than a temporary and partial effect, unless poverty and a deep-seated conviction that no change can render their condition worse, have already prepared the people for their purpose.

It would, however, be ridiculous to assert, that there does not prevail amongst considerable numbers of the labouring population an eager desire for political privileges, independent of the practical effects which they may produce. As men become more enlightened and better informed, they feel a strong and natural desire for political power; and it may be safely asserted, that as a people become more civilized, their political constitution must become more democratical, for neither despotism nor aristocratical government can coexist with an extensive diffusion of knowledge amongst the masses of the community. But although democracy must of necessity advance with general civilization, it is not that premature, restless, impatient, and innovating democracy, which paves the way for despotism. It is not a democracy accomplishing its purposes by insurrection and revolution, but it is the democracy, which at first operating merely as restraining public opinion, gradually insinuates itself into and gives its character to the legislature and the government. The advances of such a democracy are of necessity slow and almost imperceptible, and it is only when we compare the present period with that which has passed away, that we can discern the mighty influence which has been acquired by the people in the short space of a single generation. Public opinion, after striking down many practical abuses, and enforcing many practical reforms, proceeds, as a matter of course, to examine and reform the constitution of the legislature, and to invest with a direct controul over its composition, those who have long exercised a paramount, although indirect influence, over its deliberations. But in such circumstances, a popular legislature, succeeding to a mixed or aristocratical one, does not mark its establishment by great and sweeping changes, but follows in the steps of its predecessor, although with accelerated speed and superior efficiency. Democracy, when of this character, must of necessity be the most perfect and permanent form of government, because it at once rests upon the most extended basis of popular representation, and carries into practical effect the feelings and opinions of the moral, religious, and enlightened portion of the community. Such a democracy does not shrink from changes because they are so; but its essential character is conservative, not innovatory or revolutionary, and it will stand clear of the crimes and follies which have hitherto been the bane and ruin of democracies.

The sketch which we have attempted to give of an enlightened democracy, is at present, and must probably long remain, little better than an Utopian dream: but still it may indicate the direction in which, in an enlightened country, the people necessarily, although gradually, acquire a safe and permanent predominant influence. Safe and permanent democracy is not the triumph of a class, however numerous, but the union of all classes, combined together in the support of a constitution which secures to each its rights, interests, and privileges. A revolution entirely or chiefly supported by the inferior orders of society, never has triumphed, and never can triumph, because its

leaders always become its destroyers, and those whose ambition it was to become equal citizens, at last become slaves, all equal in the eye of their common master. Such a revolution is not the establishment of a new political constitution, but the commencement of a series of changes, each one of which necessitates the other, until the great majority of the people sink into political apathy, and gladly welcome any master whose iron sway may restrain the turbulent disturbers of the common peace. The chief object with the masses of the people is to better their own condition; and thus every revolution which originates with, and is supported by them, is only a vain attempt to accomplish in a moment the work of ages, and to accomplish it by means by which it must be retarded, not advanced.

The history of every revolution indeed proves the folly and wickedness of selecting the masses of the people as its sole or chief agents; for such a revolution can never accomplish either its immediate or ultimate objects. Every violent change, instead of bringing relief to the working classes, must, for a time, subject them to greater difficulties and privations, and in such circumstances it is idle to expect that they will await with patience the working of a new political constitution. When leading men, therefore, bent upon a present object, inflame the minds of the people with false, or, at least, greatly exaggerated descriptions of the benefits which they may expect to derive from political changes, they sacrifice, for a temporary advantage, the permanent interests of their country, and even of their own cause. The people listen to the voice of the charmer; for men, ill at ease, are always credulous, and with one gigantic effort they sweep away the barriers which impede the success of some favourite measure; but before the pæans of triumph have ceased, they begin to discover that they have not procured one single advantage which they anticipated. This renders a few apathetic and many furious; and at the instigation of some new flatterers, they abuse those whom they had exalted, and erect new idols in their place, in their turn to be dethroned and trampled under foot.

The object of the observations which we have now made, is to enforce the opinion, that before the masses of the people can be safely entrusted with political power, safely either to themselves or others, means must be taken to improve their physical condition. We may rest assured that agitation in its worst form will never cease, while our mechanics and labourers are suffering under severe privations, amounting almost to a want of necessary food. We may banish or imprison one set of demagogues, but others will soon arise in their place; and neither severity nor indulgence will put an end to that political agitation, whose source is physical misery, not simple love of change. The outward demonstrations of chartism may be repressed; but the spirit of discontent which led to these demonstrations, has not been expelled, and becomes every day more bitter and inveterate. It is easy to talk about the extinction of chartism! but we may rest assured, that the seal of chartism, in other words, the conviction that the interests of the people are utterly disregarded by the legislature and the government, has not been extinguished, but is every day fixing itself more deeply in the popular mind. The apostles of chartism and

socialism appeal to the conviction, and they never appeal in vain : for to those who regard themselves as the helots of the present state of society, social evils appear to admit of but one effectual remedy—universal change.

Popular opinion, indeed, has scarcely ever been in such an unsettled and unsatisfactory state as it now is ; for there is no political or social theory, however absurd, which does not find eager advocates and credulous proselytes. The working classes even view, with an ignorant but not unnatural jealousy, those scientific discoveries which have been attended with such vast general advantage, but which have rendered human labour less valuable and necessary. Thus, to those who declaim upon the great improvements which distinguish our age, the people naturally reply by adducing the fact, that in spite of all these improvements, their condition becomes daily less comfortable, and more precarious. To those who are acquainted with the condition of the labouring population in large towns, and even in the country, it must appear bitter irony to talk of the improved state of society to men whose hearts and lives are wearing away in the daily more arduous struggle, necessary in order barely to maintain existence. What is it to them that steam in all its multiplied adaptations, and wonder-working powers is daily overcoming every obstacle, and extending its influence to every department of human exertion, since to them it brings no relief, no change of condition ? What to them is the march of intellect, since the feeble rays of knowledge which lighten up their intellectual being only force upon them a more withering conviction of their physical misery and desolation ?

It cannot, therefore, be too strongly urged upon philanthropists and statesmen, that neither human happiness nor social security can be advanced, or even maintained, unless strenuous and successful efforts are made to improve the physical condition, and increase the external comforts of the people. Neither chartist agitators, nor social missionaries, can be put down by education, or by law ; they can only be arrested in their progress by striking at the roots of that popular discontent, to which they owe all their success and all their influence. The people must feel that their comfort and prosperity are as they ought to be, paramount objects in the estimation of the legislature and the government ; and that, with those objects, no sinister interests can be allowed to come into competition. The people must feel that the present order of things is maintained, not to enrich particular classes, but as, upon the whole, best adapted to secure the interests of all orders of the community. It is vain to preach peace and contentment to men who entertain the opinion, that the state of society which you support and applaud, is calculated to benefit all other classes at their expense. Those who believe that the constitution in church and state is worthy of support, must practically prove to the people that it does not entail upon them want and misery, or else relinquish all hope of persuading them that that constitution is a good one, and ought to be maintained.

It may, indeed, be alleged, that socialism and chartism are of recent date, and partial extent ; but those who entertain this opinion, only prove themselves disqualified to judge of the feelings and condition of

those for whose evils they are so ready to prescribe remedies. Socialism and chartism, in their present form, are indeed of recent date, and even partial extent; but the popular opinions to which they owe their origin and influence, are of long-standing, and widely diffused. There has been, for many years growing up among the working classes, a deep-seated conviction, that the present constitution of society is an unjust and partial one, injurious to the great mass of the community, to whom that society owes its security and property. This conviction naturally led to an eager desire for political changes; and those who look beneath the surface of that agitation which carried the Reform Bill, cannot fail to ascribe its success in no small degree to the existence of the feelings to which we have alluded. The vague and even ridiculous hopes which the passing of the Reform Bill excited amongst the people, clearly proved that the ardour with which they supported it, arose from the hope that it would effect some great change in the condition of society favourable to themselves. The universal enthusiasm which then prevailed, owed its existence to many vain hopes which have been signally disappointed, and to that disappointment may be clearly traced chartism, and even the increasing influence of socialism.

In estimating the causes and the dangers of the discontents which now unhappily prevail amongst the labouring classes of the community, it is important to keep in view the feelings and opinions entertained by different portions of these classes. A considerable portion of the working class chartists do not labour under any severe pressure of physical want, but earn sufficient to secure the ordinary necessities, and even comforts of life. Those who compose this class are generally intelligent and well-informed, and they desire political changes fully as much from an ambition to possess political power, as from any opinion that such changes will much improve their worldly circumstances. The occupations in which they are engaged, and the institutions which have been formed amongst them, have aroused and sharpened the intellectual faculties of the mechanics, and to them no discussion is more interesting than the merit of the political and social theories which now so much abound. The knowledge which they possess, and a keen sense, that the rank which they hold in the social scale is not commensurate with that knowledge, have converted them into zealous democrats, in whose opinion democracy is not only the best and purest form of government, but the only government which secures to themselves their political and social rights. The prejudices and hereditary attachments which prevail among the agricultural population, produce no effect upon them, and they are, generally speaking, prepared to adopt new opinions in regard to religion and politics. It is from them that socialism chiefly draws its proselytes, for the opinions which go under that name are not likely to make much progress amongst those, who with little acquired knowledge, possess a kind of instinctive attachment to religion, and the moral maxims which are associated with it. The first effect produced by the acquisition of knowledge is to make men ashamed of their prepossessions for which they are not able to account, and thus the working classes, who have become in some degree enlightened, are apt to regard with peculiar favour opinions which stand out in most complete contrast to those which generally

prevail. To men of this stamp, religion, as at present interpreted, and much of the current morality, appear only fitted for a state of society in which the bulk of mankind is depressed and degraded, and without rejecting Christianity, they want a Christianity of a different description from that which has hitherto prevailed in the world.

But although there exists in this country a considerable and increasing class of men belonging to the working population, which is anxious to reconstruct society upon a more popular and equal basis; the direct danger to be apprehended from the influence of this class, is distant and inconsiderable. The only way in which the movements of this class are likely to become dangerous, is from the influence which they possess or may acquire over the masses of the labouring population. There can be no doubt that the agitators who spring from this class, or at least chiefly rely upon it for encouragement and support, will leave no means unattempted to arouse and inflame the masses of the people. With this view they have turned the unpopularity of the new poor law to good account, and as soon as distress or privation assail the people, they eagerly trace it to political or social inequalities, instead of causes which must exist and operate in every state of society, and under every form of government. But as men look little beyond the present moment, and are anxious to find some immediate remedy for the evils with which they are afflicted, the people eagerly swallow the doctrine that their misery is owing to oppression and bad government. Thus the chartists, who, strictly speaking, are neither numerous nor formidable in themselves, seldom want a lever with which to move the people, and a bad harvest or the stagnation of trade furnishes them with weapons, which the most incontrovertible arguments cannot blunt or turn aside. In former times the masses of the people were frequently discontented, and often rose in insurrection, but their objects were vague and impracticable, and the danger of a rebellion passed away with the alarm and consternation of which it was productive. But now the case is altered, and every effort is made, and too often successfully made, to convince the people that if they could by any means succeed in changing the form of government, they would in future be preserved from those periodical visitations of want and distress to which they have been hitherto subjected.

The great mistake committed by the generality of politicians is to disregard this intimate connexion between the physical condition and the political feelings of the people. There may indeed be said to exist at all times amongst the masses of the people, a quiescent spirit of discontent or dissatisfaction with their position in the social scale; but this is a vague, indeterminate feeling, never leading to any dangerous consequences, unless excited by the pressure of external circumstances. But, as we have already observed, there exists in every commercial country a class better informed, and in better circumstances than the lowest, which eagerly adopts extreme political opinions, and zealously enforces them upon those immediately beneath them. The opinions of this class are therefore important, by the influence which they exercise over the masses of the people, who when suffering under poverty and want of employment, willingly embrace

such opinions, and are not very scrupulous as to the means which they may adopt, in order to carry them into effect. A wise statesman ought, therefore, carefully to watch and guard against the causes which lead to such a state of matters, and he ought to find cause of alarm, not so much in the formation of extreme political opinions among certain classes of the community, as in the poverty and privations to which the bulk of the people is exposed. Long-continued neglect, in regard to this particular, may lead to evils which admit of no present remedy, and the masses of the people, infuriated by want, may organize a political agitation, irresistible in its attacks, and ruinous in its consequences.

It is, in this view, deeply to be lamented that there exists so great an indisposition on the part of the legislature to act upon the opinions which we have now expressed, and to which every reflecting man must give his assent. It is much more easy to declaim upon the immoralities of socialism, and the dangerous tendencies of chartism, than to trace to their source, and to grapple effectually with those evils which now affect and disturb society. To suppose that either chartism or socialism can be extinguished is an absurdity; for both the one and the other will always find a considerable number of adherents, but wise and timely legislation may render the influence of both partial and unimportant. Opinions similar to those which now agitate the popular mind prevailed extensively at the commencement of the French revolution, but the "Pilot who weathered the storm," saw the danger, and by the wars which he excited, and the temporary prosperity of which they were productive, prevented those opinions from gaining an ascendancy amongst the masses of the people. This policy, if neither moral nor patriotic, was at least successful, and saved the nation from the horrors of an agrarian revolution. Pitt, if not a great statesman, was at least a most able politician, and if he did not adopt the best means for warding off the dangers which he apprehended, still the adoption of any means for such a purpose, proclaimed his sagacity and foresight.

It is not, therefore, required that the statesmen of the present day should imitate Pitt's warlike policy, in order to distract popular attention from dangerous political speculations, but it is undoubtedly incumbent upon them to do something to ward impending dangers, which it requires but a small portion of Pitt's sagacity to foresee, but even more than his worldly wisdom to retard or prevent. A suffering and impoverished population soon becomes a demoralized one, and the sanctions of religion and morality form but a feeble barrier against the attacks of a people clamouring for bread and thirsting for vengeance. We may flatter our national vanity by supposing that our people can never be guilty of excesses such as those which disgraced the French revolution, but perhaps there may be found in our large cities mobs as infuriated as those which filled Paris with horror and with blood. The man who had ventured to predict the atrocities which took place in France, would have been regarded not only as an idle dreamer, but as a calumniator of a gentle and polished nation. An angry multitude, mad with hunger, and smarting under a sense of real or supposed wrongs, is much the same everywhere; cruel and

reckless in the vengeance which it inflicts, and sending forth exulting shouts as victim after victim falls a sacrifice to its rage.

But still, although it is easy to point out the dangers with which we are surrounded, it is a more difficult point to state specific remedies for the evils which are likely to disturb the peace and security of the empire. In the opinion of many, great political changes calculated to increase the democratic power, would be likely to appease popular discontent, and ward off a violent revolution. These politicians, indeed, admit the urgent necessity of attending to the physical condition and worldly comforts of the people; but they maintain that the democratic changes which they recommend would soon produce a decided improvement in the external circumstances of the people. The reformed legislature, say they, has done nothing for the people but enact a harsh and oppressive poor law, and exhibits no interest in measures which are calculated to increase the comforts of the people, and to raise them in the social scale. Is it possible that a legislature chosen by the people could act with such culpable supineness and indifference? Is it not certain that in such a legislature the interests of its constituents would be the paramount and absorbing object? Night after night would no longer be wasted in fruitless or frivolous discussions, but the House of Commons, animated with a true wish to serve the people, would employ all its energy and resources in order to relieve them from the misery and privations under which they are suffering.

Considerations such as these cannot but appear plausible to the people, who are always disposed to ascribe every evil under which they labour to misgovernment. It would be requiring too much from them to expect that they can understand the inevitable tendency of all great political changes to increase their sufferings and difficulties, at least during the continuance of those struggles to which such changes give rise; still less can the people be expected to discern that a legislature chosen by the many is always governed by the few, who, in order to acquire or retain power, are continually suggesting or urging new changes. The mania of shining in public life becomes almost universal, and new agitators every where start up, working upon the prejudices, and exciting the hopes of the multitude, who, impatient to reap the benefits which they have hitherto enjoyed only in anticipation, gladly support the demagogue who promises them a short way to plenty and prosperity. The absolute dependence of the legislature upon the people thus becomes a curse; in fact, must either pass every measure demanded by popular clamour, or must tamely surrender its power and influence to the leaders of the multitude. Thus the revolutions which owe their birth and success to the poverty and distress suffered by the great mass of the people, are always uncertain and unstable, and terminate first in general confusion, and then in despotism. The ephemeral governments which start into existence and disappear during the progress of such revolutions, have neither capacity nor time for contriving wise measures to improve the condition of the people. Such measures, even if brought forward, must be tardy in their effects, tardy at least in the opinion of an excited and impatient people, despising the government, if weak and submissive, abhorring it if strong and vigorous. No, it is not a revolution-

ary government, undergoing incessant changes, and at the mercy of every popular demagogue, which can contend with the opposition of particular classes and interests, and carry into effect measures of general utility, calculated to improve the condition of the masses of the people. The government apparently best adapted to achieve this important object, is one influenced, but not governed by the democracy; which must obey an enlightened, permanent, public opinion, but which can afford to despise the opinions which gain a mere momentary popularity amongst the masses of the population.

But although, in many points of view, such a legislature as that of Britain is best adapted for carrying into effect great general improvements, which require time and patience on the part of the people before they can produce their full benefits, it must be confessed that at present the task imposed upon parliament is a difficult and arduous one. A legislature can do little to restrain or guide commerce, which flourishes most when least interfered with; and the most enlightened legislature cannot prevent those stagnations in the commercial world, which produce such extensive misery amongst the working classes. A commercial community must ever remain subject to convulsions, which no prudence can foresee or prevent, and which in a few days produce greater misery and suffering, than can be inflicted by years of misgovernment. Still less can the legislature interfere with the compact between the employers and the employed; for provided that it leaves both equally free, each will be enabled to adopt those measures which are best calculated to promote their own interests. Perfect freedom is the life-blood of commerce, and although despotism and democracy have often interfered with it, they have never done so but to aggravate those evils which they sought to cure.

But although the legislature may often inflict serious injury upon the community by an ill-judged act of well-meant interference, there can be no doubt that when kept within the proper limits, its authority may be exerted with great advantage to the public interests. By judicious superintendence, it may check evils which, if left to themselves, would become formidable and dangerous; and, by judicious interposition, it may guard the people against those commercial delusions which inflict so much misery upon the trading and labouring classes. By removing all restrictions upon trade, and encouraging all the improvements by which its operations are facilitated, the legislature may add greatly to the comforts of the people, opening up to them new sources of employment, and enabling them to procure, at an easy rate, the necessaries and conveniences of life. By promoting general education, and the diffusion of knowledge, the legislature has it in its power to elevate the character and direct the energies of the people, so that they may truly appreciate their own interests, and adopt those means by which alone they can be promoted, instead of lending a greedy ear to every political charlatan, who inspires them with the vain hope of finding relief in changes which, for a time at least, must render their condition more wretched and precarious. By listening with patience and respect to the complaints and wishes of the people, the legislature may in time gain their confidence, and destroy the influence of those by whom the popular mind is now inflamed and distracted.

But it must be admitted that all this is somewhat vague and indefinite, and it is necessary to be more explicit in regard to those remedies by which the condition of the labouring population may be improved. Now, as at all times, vague professions of a desire to ameliorate the situation of the working classes, are more than sufficiently abundant; and it is necessary to state what ought to be done to carry these professions into practical effect, we must look the evils under which we labour boldly in the face, for it is only by doing so that we can discern their full extent, and become willing to apply to them the most vigorous remedies, whatever sacrifices they may require from us. Popular discontent, with the dangers to which it may lead, is obvious to all; but we must investigate the sources of that discontent, and endeavour to remove them, at whatever cost to individual or class interests. The influential classes of the community must be urged to a sense of the dangers with which they are threatened, in order that they may become willing to employ every means to ward them off, even if these means are apparently injurious to their selfish interests. They must be taught, that for them there is no safety while the mass of the population remains wretched and dissatisfied, and that while they aid the government in repressing rebellion, they must also urge it to redress popular grievances, and to remove the causes of popular discontent.

It is sufficiently obvious to the most cursory observer, that the chief source of the misery and depression which exist amongst the working classes, is a supply of labour too abundant compared with the field on which it has to be exercised. Population does not indeed increase with extraordinary rapidity, but its increase, moderate and gradual as it is, is more than commensurate with the increase of profitable employment for human labour. That which is familiarly termed the pressure of the times, is, in other words, the superabundance of all kinds of labour; which, while it compels many belonging to the higher and middle classes to descend to employments which they would have formerly spurned, constrains the great mass of the population to submit to lower wages, and an inferior standard of living. This pressure of the times is thus familiar to all, in the highest as well as in the lowest ranks of society; and either on behalf of our friends or ourselves, we are all compelled to admit, that labour, the sole property of the great majority of men, no longer finds a ready or equitable market.

A deep sense of the truth to which we have now alluded has given birth to the Malthusian theory, whose disciples fondly flatter themselves that they strike at the root of the evil by denouncing marriage, and calling upon every man to count the cost before he yields to the tender and natural emotions, the indulgence of which constitutes the chief delight of his life. No doubt the opinions of Malthus, if carried into practical effect, must soon remove that excess of population to which so many of our social evils must be ascribed. But such a doctrine is chimerical and impracticable, not only because it wages war with the most natural and powerful feelings of the human heart, but because it demands from individuals a self-command and foresight which scarcely any man is ever able to exert. To the very poor, marriage is almost a necessity of their condition, for unmarried they live destitute of every comfort, and soon sink into the most brutalizing and

degrading vices. In a superior class of life, men, by relinquishing some personal indulgencies, may place themselves in a condition to support a family, and they can scarcely be expected to abstain from marriage on account of some contingent, but uncertain evils, which may result from indulging their natural passions. We speak not of the moral evils which would too probably result from the realization of the Malthusian theory, but of its impracticability; unless we could change human nature, and destroy that necessity of our being which demands objects on which to centre its tenderest feelings and its most cherished hopes—in a word, those upon whom this theory is intended to be most rigidly enforced, are those to whom it is most inapplicable; for nature, in subjecting the great majority of her children to a life of toil and privation, has provided for their peculiar solace the inexhaustible delights of domestic intercourse and parental affection. No, those who aspire to regenerate human nature, must seek to do so, not by extinguishing human feelings, but by providing means for their safe and virtuous indulgence. It is not by diminishing the numbers of men, but by providing new fields of labour for increasing population, that we must seek to reconcile the claims of nature and civilization. That excess of population which fills the Malthusian with so much alarm, is only a wise provision of nature, to compel individuals and societies to do their part in occupying the world, and diffusing the blessings of civilization. If Malthus proclaims truth, nature is not a benignant parent, but a hard step-mother, implanting powerful feelings in the hearts of her children, which they cannot indulge without involving themselves in misery and ruin. A doctrine which imputes either imprudence or cruelty to the wise and beneficent author of nature, finds its contradiction in every human heart, and can never be rendered instrumental to human happiness or human improvement.

But although the conclusions at which Malthus and his followers may have arrived are erroneous and anti-social, the facts by which they support their opinions cannot be contradicted, and are of deep importance and surpassing interest. If Malthus proposed an impracticable and anti-social remedy for the increasing difficulties and privations of the labouring population, he, at least, assigned the true cause of their privations and difficulties, in ascribing them to the fact, that the demand for labour was not commensurate to its supply. An increasing population had been hitherto regarded as the surest sign of national prosperity; but Malthus proved that this increase of population was the harbinger of the most dangerous social evils. The propositions of Malthus, when first advanced, thus appeared incontrovertible, and even those who most distrusted them, knew not how to contradict them. The facts which were adduced could not be denied, and every man's reason told him, that if men were less numerous, labour would be in better demand, and better remunerated. The Malthusian theory, however unpopular, continued to spread, and politicians, when required to point out a remedy for popular distress, soon began to talk glibly about the moral restraint, and the duty of discouraging marriage amongst the lower orders. It was, it must be confessed, a very convenient doctrine for statesmen and legislators, who could thus ascribe all the evils which the people suffered, not to misgovernment, but to

their own imprudence, never ceasing to reiterate the doctrine, that the people must look to themselves alone for relief.

But there soon arose many who, without denying the facts of Malthus, or some of the inferences which he drew from them, refused assent to his general conclusions. To them it appeared, that excess of population and deficiency of employment, did not call so much for moral restraint upon the natural passions of mankind, as for remedies of a different description, but more efficacious and practicable. To them an extensive and systematic emigration appeared the best and most natural remedy for a redundant population. They denied that the undoubted evils which resulted from an excess of population were intended to restrain men from indulging their natural feelings; but asserted, that they were only calculated and intended to wean them from that attachment to their native soil, which would prevent the occupation and cultivation of the fairest portions of the earth. They pointed to the boundless plains of America, and to the fertile countries discovered in other parts of the world, and asked, could it be the intention of nature, that men should remain solitary and unblessed for fear of overcrowding a world of which such fair portions remained waste and unpeopled. Did not nature, by the very impulses which she implanted in man, and the difficulty which he found in gratifying them in this or that portion of the earth, constrain him to cast his eyes beyond the narrow spot where he had received his birth, and to avail himself of the inexhaustible riches which were to be found in other parts of her fair domain? Until these fair regions are occupied, and until the power of man to extend the wealth of nature (a power of which every day furnishes such wonderful developements) is exhausted, it is too soon to accuse nature of exciting propensities in man, which she denies to him the means of gratifying.

From the observations which we have now made, it will be obvious that we consider emigration as the chief remedy for that deficiency of employment and consequent distress which exists amongst the labouring classes. Scarcely any one, indeed, denies the necessity and benefits of an extensive and systematic emigration, in order to relieve the pressure upon the hard-labour market, nor is its urgent importance as the only preservative against civil commotions less generally admitted. A partial emigration has indeed long been going on, but this is of too limited an extent to produce much effect upon the condition of the empire. Besides, those to whom emigration is most necessary for their own interests, and those of their country, possess not the means to emigrate, and are comparatively ignorant of the advantages which emigration holds out to them. It is the duty of the legislature at once to adopt means to enlighten the minds of the people regarding this important subject, and to afford them the means of establishing themselves in a country where labour, their only capital, may be turned to the best advantage. There exists, in the popular mind, a natural repugnance to emigration, and every means ought to be employed to remove this repugnance by the diffusion of correct knowledge upon the subject, so that the labouring classes may discover in emigration the best and indeed the only sufficient remedy for the evils under which they labour.

But, unfortunately, although as a matter of opinion, the advantages of emigration are admitted by all, time passes away, and no vigorous or effectual measures are adopted upon the subject. Every proposal to conduct emigration upon an extensive scale is met with innumerable objections, and of these the state of the revenue is one constantly argued and always admitted. We bestow twenty millions to enfranchise our West India slaves, and the deed was a noble and generous one, but why do we shrink from exhibiting a similar liberality in endeavouring to raise the mass of our fellow-citizens from the poverty and degradation in which they are now placed? Money bestowed upon such an object would not be wanted, it would only be lent out, and even in a mere financial point of view, the speculation would turn out a good one. Our vast colonial empire is in itself rather a burden than an advantage, but as an inexhaustible field of emigration, it may be converted into a source of great national wealth and prosperity. Can there be a more glorious or patriotic object of national ambition than to convert each colony into a new England, at once relieving the mother country of the surplus population, and providing a new and ever increasing market for her manufactures. Thus two objects of the last national importance would be accomplished, the pressure upon the labour market would be relieved, and there would arise an extensive and constantly increasing demand for home industry.

The considerations which we have suggested are so obvious to every reflecting person, that it is difficult to understand how they produce so little effect upon the government and the legislature. It is universally admitted that the existing discontents are chiefly dangerous, inasmuch as on the part of the great mass of the people, they spring from the increasing difficulties and privations to which they are exposed. If you want to strike at the root of the discontents, you must provide labour for the working classes of the community, and not only provide labour, but reward it with a sufficient recompense. Laws, more just in themselves, and better administered, and the removal of all restrictions upon commerce, may do something to relieve public distress; but every remedy, except emigration, will prove only partial and temporary in its operation. Undoubtedly the repeal of the corn-laws would prove useful, but the effects of such a repeal are grossly exaggerated both by its friends and opponents. It is even to be apprehended that this repeal, by producing benefits in no degree commensurate with the expectations held out, would only increase popular discontent, and render it impossible to appease it, except by a complete political and social revolution. But if the repeal of the corn-laws, although partially useful, would do but little to ameliorate public distress, still less would any mere political change be productive of beneficial effects, for that indeed would be to give the people a stone when they ask for bread.

It therefore becomes all those who have no private ambition or private interest to serve by increasing popular discontent, and directing its energy against our political and social institutions, to bestir themselves in favour of the means which are most likely to ward off our present dangers. Neither education nor religious instruction will render the people better satisfied with a state of society from which

they derive so few advantages, and which to them appears consistent neither with right, reason, nor religious principle. The middle classes, possessing as they do, predominant political influence, can only remove the jealousy and distrust of the working classes, not by immediately sharing with them that political power, but by employing it to improve their physical condition. The proceedings of the reformed parliament have hitherto borne a somewhat hostile aspect towards the working classes, and the new poor law, however beneficial and necessary in its essential provisions, was not calculated to enlist popular sympathies in its favour. To set itself right with the people, it is therefore necessary that the legislature should exhibit its sympathy with popular sufferings by adopting vigorous measures to relieve them. Let the harsh enactments which are connected with the administration of the poor law be repealed; let economy be strictly enforced in all departments, that the people may not draw odious comparisons between their own poverty and public extravagance, and let an extensive and practical system of emigration be established, and chartism would soon become less formidable than what it now is. Let us hope that although the present session of parliament has passed away without any thing of this, the next may be distinguished by different results, and that timely and disinterested legislation may yet avert the danger of a violent revolution.

[The above article has been sent to us by an anonymous correspondent. There is much in it to commend: we, however, suggest to the writer the propriety of his avoiding all partizan feeling in his next communication.]—ED.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. * * * But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her own soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

I AM always interested in the conversation of old persons. I love to hear the reminiscences of their youth, and provided the memory be faithful and retentive—as is often the case—I marvel greatly at the rich storehouse a septuagenarian's mind must be. Yet I can understand how they who have seen and survived so much, seem unconscious that their own race at last is nearly run. It must appear so common a thing for death to claim the younger and stronger, and leave them with the sands of life still unshaken. I can understand how they build houses, and plant trees, that shall never shelter their own grey hairs. Their contemporaries, nay, the children of their school-mates, have played their parts in the theatre of the world; they

have been heroes, statesmen, bards,—or on the lower and more sheltered rails of fortune's ladder, they have breathed away existence, each in the circle of his own individual world. "After life's fitful fever," they already "sleep well,"—while perhaps some aged friend or relative is left to "point the moral" to a story which has passed like an acted drama before him.

Such were my reflections the other evening, while listening to the dear old lady, whom I will call aunt Jessy. It was chilly October, and the increasing darkness without was an excuse for idleness, while we drew round the cheerful fire, instead of ringing for candles.

"Tell us a story, aunt Jessy," exclaimed one of the party, and "do—pray do" was echoed by all. I wish I could remember her precise words, for if the following memoir prove not interesting, the fault must be mine in the telling. And yet I will set out by confessing, as she did, that the incidents are decidedly common-place,—the situations any thing but romantic, and the characters natural, because they are exactly of the class which composes two-thirds of society. The melo-dramatic writer chooses some amiable brigand, or interesting pirate for his hero;—the tragic muse lifts down a hero from the pedestal of history, and enduing him with life, speech, and motion, makes him, it must be owned, often do things he never did, and say things he never said;—the playwright generally prefers a sentimental youth of the poetic temperament, with a great deal of discontent, and a little unsound philosophy;—the novel writer takes something of each, introducing, of course, fair ladies to correspond. But aunt Jessy's reminiscences are for the most part of a less distinguished class,—of those whose destiny has been shaped by domestic incidents, or the under current of the affections.

Catherine Danvers was an orphan, left when scarcely ten years old to the guardianship of her father's friend, Mr. Sibley; under whose roof she was henceforth domiciled, and educated with his only daughter, a girl of about the same age. When Catherine and Laura Sibley were about fourteen, they were sent to a "finishing" school,—for private instruction was in those days less common than it is at present—and there it was that a youthful friendship was formed between aunt Jessy and themselves. She was a year or two their senior, and doubtless was at first looked up to with becoming deference and respect; but every month lessened the apparent difference in their age, and when all left school, a great intimacy between the families ensued, though aunt Jessy remembers *she* was always called "Catherine's friend."

How pretty a thing to mark is that same girlish friendship. How beautiful to watch are all youthful emotions. But alas! how often do they prove though "sweet not lasting;" a girl's first friendship partakes something of the character of her first love,—there is the same blind devotion, the same enthusiasm, the same warping of different minds to a fancied point of resemblance,—the same trusting faith that is often so bitterly requited. Yet as love is sometimes found to be—first, last, and only—and to exist elsewhere than in the "turtle's nest," so is friendship sometimes found to be more than "a name."

Aunt Jessy married when little more than twenty, and left London to reside in Devonshire. It had been agreed that her bridesmaids,

Catherine and Laura, should each pass three months with her, and it was settled that Laura should pay the visit first. Catherine was left at home with Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, to whom she was almost as dear as their own child, and it was immediately after the departure of the latter, that she first saw Arthur Vane. In Catherine's letters to aunt Jessy, she named him at first in terms of high admiration, as a most delightful acquisition to the circle of their acquaintances; gradually she ceased mentioning him, even in answer to the interrogations she had drawn on herself; then her letters became shorter, more confused, or laboured in style; and at last contained little else than the most common-place topics, except strong expressions of regret at her separation from her dear Jessy. But it is time to describe both Catherine and Laura, for they were as dissimilar in mind as in person.

The portrait of Laura Sibley represents a tall, fine-looking girl, with bright dark eyes, and a profusion of raven tresses, arched brows, and chiselled nose, with lips that would have been beautiful if they had not contracted, as if in opposition to their natural form—a certain expression of indecision. I believe she was a coquette by nature, but many of her faults were those of education. Though wavering and inconstant, she was for the time-being self-willed and obstinate, and above all intensely selfish. And yet there was something in her manner and conversation, that something which can only be expressed by the word fascination, that took hearts by storm, and though it must be owned they were often re-captured by a humbler beauty, she had always a troop of lovers at her feet.

I have seen a miniature of Catherine Danvers, the delicate and highly-finished painting of which seems the proper style in which to represent features cast in so truly feminine a mould. The hair is the rich brown of a chesnut, and the eyes of deep violet blue, somewhat sunken, though beautiful in expression, and impressing one with an idea, perhaps, of reserve and timidity, but certainly of deep thought and feeling. It is a poet's ideal of a being to be loved, protected, and cherished;—

“A spirit, yet a woman too;”

not to be worshipped, because she is a “woman;” and if not to be obeyed, only because the “spirit” is too wise and too gentle to command. And faithful interpreters both countenances were. Laura was already a petted and capricious spoiled child, unaccustomed to yield where it was possible to govern, when little Kate became the inmate of her father's house. As is too often the case, the generous, simple-hearted child, with a mind more contemplative than acute, easily yielded to the shrewd, clever, worldly girl, whom she never dreamed of thwarting. It is not true that in the social intercourse of life, the superior mind always controls the weaker; the reverse is indeed a dreadful subjection, but it is a common one. Take, for example, the highest degrees—does not *genius* slowly struggle forward, while *talent*, or mere cleverness, gallops?

Indeed, it must be owned that as they grew up, Laura was the more generally admired—a homage which Kate seemed willingly to yield her as a matter of right. The one gloried in universal admiration, the other desired the entire devotion of a single heart; and oh!

how priceless a jewel would she have bartered in return. It may be argued that it is fair to use her own weapons with a coquette; but even she is a woman, and therefore, at some point, her heart is vulnerable. But to trifle with such a nature as that of Catherine Danvers, is a dark, foul sin, and he who does so deliberately is a murderer—a murderer of earthly peace—a wretch that should be shunned as a loathsome pestilence. I do not say that Arthur Vane so acted, for he was young and thoughtless, not vicious or unfeeling. Had Laura been at home it is probable he would have joined her crowd of worshippers, and Kate, unsought, unwooed, would have remained still “fancy free.” As it was, she loved as woman often loves. She had formed an idol by her own pure and rich imagination, and having found a living shrine, endowed it with the attributes of her self-created deity. For three months Arthur Vane seemed to live but in her presence; actions, looks, and manners proclaimed “I love you.” Yet those words had never passed his lips; and thus, according to his code of *honour* there was no wrong in his fickleness.

Catherine came to pay her promised visit in Devonshire, and Laura Sibley returned to London. Her friends observed that Catherine was thinner and paler, though a hectic flush now and then lent an uncertain bloom to her fair complexion. The eye of affection soon detected that she was not happy, and aunt Jessy—herself a youthful bride—guessed nearly the truth. It was on a summer evening, when twilight was spread like a mantle round the earth, and had grown dark enough to hide her tears and blushes, that Kate leaned her head on her friend's shoulder, and poured forth the secret of her soul. When love is mutual—prosperous—smiled on by fortune—approved by friends—when all is drawn into one “knot of happiness,” it is too proud and joyous a thing to ask the sympathy of friendship. But with Kate, distrustful of herself, and looking up to her idol as a star above her, her mind torn asunder by hope and fear, to lay open to her dearest friend the wounds of her heart, was to soothe if not to heal them. Alas! if she had possessed that fabled mirror which had power to shadow forth the absent, she would have beheld the following scene.

At that very moment Laura Sibley was the observed and admired of a ball-room. Her hand had been sought for the dance by many, though she seemed to pay exclusive attention to one among them. She had adopted, on that occasion, a sentimental air, and was resting languidly in her chair, over the high back of which leaned Arthur Vane. A faint smile was on her lip, but her eyes were cast down, apparently observing the painting on her fan, which she was restlessly unfurling. The ears, however, sometimes remain open, though the eyes are busily engaged;—and assuredly Laura lost not one word that was whispered, rather than spoken, by her new adorer. He quoted poetry, at which she sighed gently, for though she never read poetry herself, she felt instinctively that a sigh, accompanied by an exclamation of “beautiful!” or, “how true!” was both a safe and an orthodox rejoinder. Altogether it was a scene very like those which are nightly witnessed in a modern ball-room, with this difference, that “*Lalla Rookh*,” and the “*Beauties of Byron*,” are now text books which are generally preferred to the elder poets.

On Laura's arrival in London she had been introduced to Arthur Vane, but it piqued her vanity to find that he did not immediately join her train of admirers. With the pitiable weakness which was common to her character, she determined to bring him to her feet. Not that her heart was concerned in the triumph;—no, her heart, or as much as she possessed of one, had already been given to another; but that other, one too who was in all points the inferior of Arthur Vane,—that other had recently slighted her, and those who know anything of a coquette's nature will easily divine the workings of her mind. She had a double motive to will a conquest, and gifted with a witchery of manner, before alluded to, with her—to will was to achieve. Arthur Vane was dazzled and bewildered; he had thought himself interested in, almost in love with Kate, how could he then account for his new sensations? The truth was, that like three-fourths of his sex, he was very accessible to flattery, provided of course that it was carefully prepared and judiciously administered. I would advise all bunglers in the art of flattery to refrain entirely from the exercise of it, for they only appear ridiculous, and themselves become dupes instead of rulers. But in the hands of the skilful it is as mighty a sceptre as a fairy's wand, and one, on the uses, abuses, and moral influence of which, a very instructive essay might be written. Laura had an intuitive knowledge of the science, which she had greatly enlarged by practice; and she would have under-rated her own power, had she for a moment doubted of success.

No one can have passed a few years in society without remarking that persons like Laura are precisely those, who, in the conventional phrase, "make the best matches,"—but I do not use *best* in its literal and real sense. I grant it must be difficult to discover the hidden qualities of heart and mind, which, like the richest gems, lie deepest,—but like these they are worth the seeking. How different had been Arthur's intercourse with Kate Danvers; the words of praise or of encouragement trembled on her lips, or half of them were driven back unuttered; the very truth and strength of her love, and yet more, that innate modesty which it is marvellous to think is often mistaken for coldness, deprived her, like poor Cordelia, of the power of eloquent speech. It would, perhaps, be doing him injustice to say that he was aware, to the full extent, of the havoc he had caused, though, indeed, in two or three instances he had acted in a similar manner. If his mind reverted to them at all, it was only to consider his time as pleasantly and harmlessly spent;—for he held himself perfectly blameless, and prated about "honour," like a hundred others, who, in one sense at least, show a terrible ignorance of its meaning. On the night of the ball referred to, believing himself deeply in love with Laura Sibley, and his vanity gratified by her seeming preference, he proposed to her in due form. The lady affected to be surprised and agitated, and demanded a week to deliberate. At that moment she intended to reject him;—but she received intelligence in the course of the evening which altered her determination.

She had believed that the fact of Arthur Vane's offer, the tidings of which she intended pretty widely to circulate, would bring him, the really loved, to her feet. Not so,—her coquetry had long since

cured him, and when Laura carelessly asked of a mutual friend, who was the fair young creature with whom he was dancing,—she was answered that it was one to whom his vows were already plighted. She did not faint, she did not scream, for feelings of anger mingling with an unconquerable pride, prevented anything so disagreeable as “a scene;”—but assuming as much composure as was possible, she took her place in the set which was just forming. The figure was one in which partners were exchanged, and for a few moments her hand rested in that of her some-time lover. There was not on his part the slightest emotion, and he even addressed her on some common-place topic. She felt that she was scorned, and determined in her turn to enjoy a triumph. Arthur Vane was handsome, well born, and rich; it would be easy again to lead the conversation to the subject of his hopes,—she resolved she would do so, and accept him at once. The next day it was buzzed about in the coterie to which all parties belonged, that Laura Sibley was engaged to Arthur Vane.

For once rumour's many tongues told truth. The consent of parents was asked and obtained, preliminaries arranged, and the period of further probation, after a little while, reduced to three months. Mrs. Sibley wrote to aunt Jessy, on whom devolved the task of breaking the intelligence to poor Kate; and the tears were in the dear old lady's eyes while she related the manner in which it was received. Not a word of reproach escaped the lips of Catherine Danvers, but she upbraided herself for what she called her unwomanly feelings, and sinking on her knees, as if she were some guilty thing, implored her friend to respect her secret. Aunt Jessy had sufficient strength of mind to feel, despite the prejudices of education, that Kate was a victim—not a culprit; and as the sincere are always the eloquent, she in some measure succeeded in moderating Kate's self-condemnation. The poor girl entreated to remain with aunt Jessy instead of returning to town, where she had been invited to be present at the wedding; but the canker wound of a blighted heart was beyond a cure, however much the voice of reason and friendship might eventually restore self-respect.

Meanwhile the courtship of the betrothed was not, at least to Arthur Vane, by any means so happy a period as he had anticipated. Even during that time of proverbial mental blindness, he had a glimmering of Laura's real character; as “charm by charm unwound, which robed his idol,” he perceived that she was vain and selfish; he more than suspected her acquirements to be superficial; and he felt certain that her temper was far from perfect. But he had asked her to be his wife—in the world's eye they were pledged—and though if he could have purchased his freedom by the sacrifice of half his fortune, he would willingly have done so—he held it as a *point of honour* that he must fulfil his engagement.

From the experience of a long life, aunt Jessy is a firm believer in moral retribution, and she always maintained that the wretchedness of Arthur Vane's marriage was a just punishment for his conduct to Kate. If the happiest existence be that which is most calm and serene, so I should think the most miserable must be that which is made up of constant petty annoyances. There is generally a sort of dignity con-

nected with great calamities, which, while it lifts the sufferer above common sympathy, places him in some measure beyond the need of it. Besides, such events usually come to chequer a life that has bright and happy days between ; but the victim of domestic infelicity knows only one sombre and cheerless existence, and there is a kind of shame connected with his grievances, which shuts him out from the solace of talking about them. I do believe that such an existence wears down health, spirits, and temper, just as the dropping of water will wear away a stone, and that it has hurried hundreds to a premature grave, who would have endured what are called great afflictions, with courage and fortitude.

I cannot call to mind any clever pen that has yet delineated in language as far removed from affectation as from satire, the minute detail of the common every-day misery of an ill-assorted union ; but, if I dared venture on such untrodden ground, the limit of these pages would not admit it. Enough that Arthur Vane and Laura very soon approached and passed the rubicon of indifference, and advanced with hasty strides to a feeling of positive mutual dislike. Once, a few months after their marriage, Kate Danvers summoned courage to accept their invitation, and she passed a week with them. But it was a trial to her own feelings which she resolved never again to inflict on herself : and soon afterwards a new era opened in her life, and circumstances placed her for a time beyond the probability of their meeting.

On coming of age, it was found that the trustees who had had the charge of her moderate fortune, instead of improving, had made use of a great portion of it ; and when the amount of her education was deducted, there remained only a few hundred pounds, instead of the competence she had been taught to expect. Kate Danvers, albeit so gentle and feminine a character, had too proud and independent a spirit, to remain a burden on any of the kind friends who volunteered to assist or receive her ; though happily, most happily, however much she afterwards endured, she was at that time too ignorant of the world to anticipate the crushed and blighted existence which generally awaits—the governess ! And to undertake the task of tuition is the only alternative that remains for the well-born, well-educated woman, when thrown for support on her own resources.

What a strange and disgraceful anomaly is it in English society, that the very step which ought to entitle a gentlewoman to additional admiration and respect, on the contrary, entails on her the loss of caste. This is an incontrovertible fact, though one which is often reluctantly admitted. As a class, I believe, governesses may be considered extremely estimable and deserving, yet they are among the most oppressed. If the reader doubt this, I would call his attention to a startling evidence ; namely, that in lunatic asylums an amazing proportion of the patients consists of this class. Again I would ask him to look round the circle of his acquaintance, and comparing the governess with her more fortunate contemporaries, decide if her wrongs have not added, in health and personal appearance, the weight of many years. Nay, compare her with the actress, whose life is acknowledged to be of all the most wearing, and the result will be in a degree the same. But better days are coming, thanks to the generous and

talented writers, who have thrust the subject forward. Their advent is near, and there will be a time when the governess shall take her proper station in society, when she shall be treated as the honoured and welcome guest, instead of the hired member of an establishment, when her days shall not all be passed either in solitude, with those among whom her presence seems tolerated rather than desired, or in the *constant* society of children, compelled to lower thoughts and conversation to their standard, or to pursue, even in the hours, misnamed, of relaxation, an unprofessed course of instruction, by raising *their* thoughts to *hers*. The first alternative is by comparison the brightest—the last, the most wearying and depressing. And above all, the days are coming when it will need no moral courage for the well-born, well-bred “gentleman” to hear it said, “his wife was a governess.”

I must ask the pardon of my readers for this long digression, but I wish them to sympathize with Kate Danvers, and to understand and appreciate her character. In her new position there must have been many temptations to regain her former station by marriage; and though Kate was never guilty of the meanness of boasting of her conquests, there can be no doubt that she had the opportunity of marrying more than once. However this might be, the friend who knew her best, declared that she was true to the sentiment of her early love. She had loved, “not wisely, but too well,” and though some there be who would rail at a constancy that was indeed to be regretted, they should remember that the greatest of mankind—that those to whom the mysteries of the human heart have been unfolded like a scroll,—that they it is—those master spirits of the earth—who have bequeathed to us, on the glowing pages of genius, the records of undying love. And if there be sceptics who would doubt such authority, on what soil of this great globe can they have lived; if they have not, in their own experience, met with some evidences at least of woman’s lasting love? There are many reasons why love is more absorbing in a woman’s nature than a man’s; indeed it should be so. Not more distinct are the orbits of the planets, than the duties of the sexes; and the jarring elements of society warn us, as would the convulsions of nature, when they diverge from their allotted paths. And it would be wise for a high-minded woman to feel content with a love, deep, unswerving and sincere, and not to demand of the object of her adoration—yes, adoration is the proper word—not to ask that his heart, mind, and intellect, should be, as her own are, saturated by the affections.

The heart, mind, and intellect of Kate Danvers had been thus saturated by her love for Arthur Vane, and perhaps it was only the necessity for exertion which aroused her in some measure from her mental sufferings. Gradually the intensity of her feelings ebbed like a tide away, leaving, indeed, a wreck behind, but restoring also some degree of tranquillity to her heart, and a mind made wiser by the experience of misery,—which is indeed the dearly-bought knowledge of good and evil. Settled in the north of England, she passed several years without visiting London, though she heard occasionally from Laura, whose letters revealed the fact that she was anything but happy in her married life. Latterly Mrs. Vane had requested Kate to become the instructress of her only child, but it was declined. Kate could now

have been content to witness their happiness, but she would not inflict on herself the trial or temptation of beholding their mutual dissensions. Still she felt a strong interest in the unseen daughter, and the promise that she should become her pupil was an inducement for her to embark the money she possessed in forming a partnership with the proprietress of a school in the environs of town. This was in every respect a change for the better. It is true the arduous duties of tuition still remained, but these she had never considered as a trial, and she had now a freedom of will and action,—and, above all, little Ellen Vane on whom to lavish her warmest affections. By degrees the child became attached to her, and infinitely to prefer school to home;—no wonder, for with parents who disagree, and among an ill-assorted household, children are always neglected, or at least ill-managed and unhappy.

Years passed on; but age seldom improves the temper, or makes the heart more sincere or generous. The Vanes were less united than ever. Ellen, however, was idolized by her father, and when he listened to her prattle, that told how good, and kind, and clever Miss Danvers was, memory perhaps flew back to days gone by, with sighs of regret for the choice he had made. As for his own character, the good that was in it had been slowly drawn forth, and he was now a far more estimable person than he had been in his youth. From many circumstances aunt Jessy was certain that he looked back on his conduct to Kate with the self-condemnation it deserved. Once when she was the subject of conversation, he spoke of her in the highest and most respectful terms, and though they met but seldom, he always treated her with a marked deference.

Ellen Vane was by this time a tall graceful girl of fourteen, with mind informed, tastes refined and cultivated, and more than all, principles implanted, and the best feelings of her nature properly directed. Her doating father believed he saw in her the shadow of Kate's character, and fancied even that the tone of her voice, and the choice of her expressions, resembled those of her instructress. Ellen, with a beauty of person equal to her mother's, was, indeed, a being for that mother to love and cherish, to watch over, and hope for. But Laura acted no such part;—she was too innately selfish to endure that another should elicit admiration in her presence, even though that other were her daughter; and she felt supremely jealous of the child's love for Kate. But it must have been the mingling of many bad passions which led to her last guilty act. If principles she had never had;—if womanly feelings had all flown;—how could she crown that pure innocent creature with a garland of shame,—how could she leave her beautiful, her only child, for ever?

Kate Danvers and her pupil were together. It was not during regular school hours, but they sat in one corner of a large drawing-room, where a French window opening on to the lawn, admitted the rich perfume of the garden flowers. Ellen was kneeling before a large folio which she had placed on a chair near her friend—with one hand she held back the clustering ringlets which would have overshadowed the page, and with the other eagerly pointed out the beautiful specimens of plants it contained (for she had just begun the study of

botany), looking up every now and then for information or explanation, and then with sparkling eyes and flushing cheek, exhausting her own little stock of knowledge. There is something sweet and holy in the contemplation of youth and innocence;—it steals over the senses like the odour of flowers, the summer breeze, or the sound of music. It is a sweet picture—when simplicity is not folly, and beauty is unconscious of itself!

It was at that moment that a letter was delivered to Miss Danvers. On breaking the seal, she found an enclosure, beneath the superscription of which were the words, "To be read when you are alone." With a feeling of terror she withdrew to ascertain its contents. The letter was from Arthur Vane, to tell her that his wife had left her home—had eloped with almost a stranger, a young man half a dozen years her junior! He told her that the few hours which had elapsed had been sufficient time for him to determine that Ellen's heart should not be blighted by the knowledge of her mother's shame. To her she was henceforth dead; and he implored Kate to be guilty of one act of deception, and to break to his daughter the awful intelligence, as if she were really so. He desired that she might immediately assume deep mourning, as he, for her sake, would do, and concluded by repeating his opinion that such a belief would be to Ellen, both now and hereafter, a lesser pang than the knowledge of the truth.

Kate felt stunned. It was one of those events which cannot be believed on the instant—which the reason is dull at comprehending. At last a flood of tears relieved her, and she sank sobbing on her couch. She was aroused by Ellen Vane kissing her forehead, and twining her arms round her neck; and then and there, pointing to the black seal of the letter Kate yet under some faint pretence withheld, Ellen was told that her only remaining parent would be with her in a few hours,—that he would come to console her—that her mother was lost to her for ever—that she no longer lived. Surely if falsehood might ever be excused, this was pardonable!

Whether busy or idle, whether happy or sad, time still passes steadily on; yet every one can remember some epoch at which events succeeded one another so rapidly, as to leave over a certain space of time a crowded chronicle, seeming to stretch, on memory's scroll, far beyond its proper limits. Such a space of time was the next year in the life of Catherine Danvers.

Arthur Vane was too proud a man to desire a pecuniary recompense for his wife's dishonour, but still he had recourse to the only means by which he could obtain a divorce. Perhaps he felt pity for Laura, and was willing to afford her the opportunity of receiving the only reparation in her seducer's power;—perhaps he had thought or hope of forming another union himself, or possibly he was unconscious of the combined motives which influenced his conduct. But I must pause for a moment, to follow the guilty woman.

Deceived and deserted, in a few months she was reduced to the most degraded and friendless condition. She did not apply to one of the many who had formerly courted or admired her, or to those who had mixed in the same giddy vortex as herself: she knew that such would shrink from her, as from a pestilence, even some among them

who were but a few shades less guilty than herself. But she remembered that Kate Danvers had never, in the pride of her own excellence, spoken harshly or unfeelingly even of the most vicious ; and on the desolate bed of sickness, in misery, and poverty that had almost deprived her of the necessities of life, she wrote to her early playmate, imploring that she might see her once more. Kate hastened on her charitable errand ; but in the daily visits which followed, she did more than relieve those wants which her purse could remove. She led an erring fellow-creature to repentance, and smoothed her passage to the grave.

It was on her return from one of these visits that she found Mr. Vane waiting to see her. She was glad of the circumstance, for she had been for some time seeking an opportunity to break to him the situation of Laura. It was the wish nearest her heart that she might be the messenger of forgiveness to the dying woman. But Arthur Vane had come on a very different mission. Free, by his country's laws, to make a second choice, and *now* loving Catherine Danvers with a stronger, deeper, truer passion than he had ever dreamed of in his youth, he felt unable to endure the suspense, which silence imposed. He was determined to hear his doom from her own lips.

Absorbed in sorrow for Laura's shame and misery—accustomed for fifteen years to consider Arthur Vane as the husband of another, she had not noted many things which might have declared his sentiments to her. The memory even of her early and misplaced love had been kept like a buried treasure strewn over by the ashes of those youthful feelings which itself had kindled ; but it could not be disinterred on the moment. She listened to his protestations like one stricken with astonishment, till, at last, mistaking her silence for coldness or indifference, he threw himself before her more like a raving boy, than one whom years, at least, should have sobered—exclaiming, “ Kate, you scorn me, and are avenged ! ”

But she made no gesture of triumph ; a convulsive sob was her only rejoinder, and she did not instantly withdraw the hand he had clasped, but suffered him to press it to his heart, and to cover it with passionate kisses. Then seeming suddenly to regain her self-possession, and to awake to the consciousness of the truth, she raised her eyes to his, and said in a low firm voice, “ We can be only *friends* while she lives ! ”

It is not worth while further to describe that most important interview. Enough, that though the unhappy Laura lingered several months, no word of love was again murmured to Kate until the grave had closed over the guilty wife. The gradual approach of death gave her time for repentance, and almost her last act was to join the hands of Kate and Arthur. She yearned to see her child, and they told her the truth ; but selfishness, one of the greatest faults of her character, was destroyed, and she refused to open, to new anguish, the wound which was almost healed.

Aunt Jessie's sketch of the fortunes of her early friends is almost done. She acknowledges it would have been a more perfect love story, if Catherine Danvers had been suffered to die of a broken heart. But the question, whether a certain amount of grief will break a heart or not, chiefly depends on the constitution submitted to its influence ;—

and Kate's happened to be a good one. Her marriage, at last, was true in itself, and true to nature;—for a woman who loves is never slow to forgive offences directed only against herself; and it was just that Arthur's devoted affection should at last rekindle a love, which, though blighted by indifference, had never been destroyed.

It was from aunt Jessy's house that Kate was married. The dear old lady vividly described the bride's beauty,—and even her dress,—on the wedding morning; and though some of the most youthful of her auditors smiled at the idea of an "interesting bride" of five and thirty, and the absurdity of an ardent lover of forty, aunt Jessy declared her belief that in their wedded life, there was a more complete realization of the romance of love, than in that of any pair she had ever known. Aunt Jessy has survived them; but she remembers that, in the confidence of friendship, Arthur Vane often confessed he once bitterly mistook *the point of honour*.

ITALIAN CONCETTI.

HERE they are, sweet little *Italian Conceits*, sent to us by ladies even more sweet than they. In such a case, what can we do but insert, and what can the public do but read. No land but the land of the *dolce far niente* could have produced trifles at once so fantastical and so pathetic, so ridiculous, and yet so tender. There life, free and un-laborious, bears the image of a happier clime, which porter-swilling John Bull of the nineteenth century scarcely even imagines. Alas! merry England has quite outgrown the age of the infantine romanticisms that once delighted us. We have ceased to be the gay children of love and chivalry, sonnetteering and serenading—we have become a nation of shopkeepers, "gaining money like horses, and spending it like asses."

Oh, for the jokes of former times!
Oh, for the men who cracked them!
When tragedies were writ in rhymes,
And fools were found to act them.

But to make the best of this bad business, let us, for a moment, once more become lovers, sighing like furnaces, with a woful ballad made to our mistress's eyebrow, *Dulce est desipere in loco*—let us, for an instant, forget that we live in the age of Jack Sheppardism, and plunge head and ears into the agreeable nonsense of Italy.

As specimens of the Italian conceits, we select the famous Canzonetti of Metastasio and Petrarch:—

CANZONETTE.—FROM METASTASIO.

LIBERTY.

Thanks to thy deceits,
At last I breathe, oh, Nice!
On an unhappy wretch
The gods have taken pity.
I feel that from thy chains,
I feel my soul is free:

I dream not now,
I do not merely dream of liberty.
My former ardour has ceased ;
And I am so tranquil,
That there is not enough passion
In me to mask love.
My colour does not change
When I hear thy name ;
When I behold thy face,
My heart palpitates no longer ;
I dream, but I do not see thee
Always in my dreams ;
I wake, and thou art not
My first thought.
Far from thee I wander,
Without ever wishing for thee ;
I am with thee, and thou givest me
Neither pain nor pleasure.
I speak of thy beauty,
Yet I do not feel myself softened ;
I remember my wrongs,
And yet I am not angry.
I am no longer confused
When thou comest near me ;
Even with my rival
I can speak of thee.
Turn to me a haughty look,
Speak to me with a gentle expression,
Thy displeasure is in vain—
In vain is thy favour ;
Those lips have not o'er me
Their accustomed empire ;
Those eyes know no longer
The way to this heart.
That which now pleases or displeases,
Whether I am sad or joyful,
Is not now thy gift,
It is not now thy blow.
The woods, the hills, the meadows,
Please me without thee ;
Each ungrateful abode
Annoys me even with thee.
Hear, if I am sincere :
Still thou seemest beautiful to me,
But thou dost not seem that
Which has no equal ;
And (let not truth offend thee)
In thy exquisite countenance
I now see each defect,
Which appeared to me a beauty.
(I confess my shame),

When I drew out the dart,
I felt my heart bursting—
I appeared to be dying;
But to escape woe,
Not to seem oppressed.
To recover myself,
We can suffer all—
As in the trap, in which sometimes
The little bird may fall,
He leaves behind his feathers,
But returns once more to liberty,
Then the lost plumage
Is restored in a few days;
He becomes cautious by experience,
And is betrayed no more.
I know that you do not believe
The ancient flame extinguished in me,
Because I so often say it,
Because I cannot keep silence.
It is but that natural instinct,
Oh, Nice! which prompts me to speak,
By which all reason
Of the dangers they have passed,
And after cruel experience,
Narrate past vexations;
The warrior shows
The scars of his wounds;
And so the happy slave,
Freed from pain, shows
The barbarous chains
Which he once dragged after him—
I speak, but in speaking alone
I try to satisfy myself.
I speak, yet I care not
That you believe me;
I speak, but do not ask
Your approval of my words,
Nor if you are tranquil
In speaking of me.
I leave an inconstant one;
You lose a faithful heart.
I know not which of us
May have to console himself.
This I know, so faithful a lover
Nice will not find again;
But it is easy to meet
Another, a deceiver.

THE PALINODIA, OR RECANTATION.

Appease thy anger;
Pardon, beloved Nice;

The fault of an unhappy one
Is worthy of pity.
True it is, that from thy chains
I boasted my soul was free ;
But it was the last time
That I may boast of liberty.
True it is, to hide the ancient flame
I pretended to veil it,
That I made a mask of anger
That I might not discover love.
But, oh ! now, my colour changes
If I hear thee named ;
All read in my face
The state of my heart.
In waking I see thee always,
No less than in my dreams ;
My thoughts always paint thee
Wherever thou art—
With thee, with thee, I surround myself,
With thee whenever I leave thee ;
Thou makest me dream
Both of pain and pleasure.
When I speak not of thee
Then I am weary—
I remember nothing—
Every thing annoys me.
I am so used to name thee
To those around me,
That even to my rival
I speak of thee.
From one haughty look,
From one tender word,
Be it disdain or compassion,
I arm myself in vain.
I have no other destiny
Beyond thy gentle fascination ;
I know not the motives
That second my heart.
Every delight displeases
If I please not thee ;
And the gift which is not thine,
For me can have no charms.
With thee all is pleasing,
The hill, the wood, the mead ;
But far from thee, beloved one,
Every abode is ungrateful.
Now I will speak sincerely :
Not only dost thou seem beautiful to me,
Not only dost thou appear that
Which has no equal ;
But often, unjust to truth,

I condemn every other countenance ;
To me every thing appears faulty
Except thy beauty alone.
The dart is not drawn out,
Which I tried to my shame,
In vain to extract from my heart,
And thought to die from.
Ah ! in trying to escape from woe,
I felt myself more oppressed by it ;
Ah ! in enduring the reality,
I could not suffer more
In the trap, in which perchance
The little bird has fallen,
He leaves even his feathers
In seeking his liberty ;
But in ruffling his feathers,
He renews his troubles ;
The more he tries to fly,
The more he finds himself a prisoner.
No ! I wish not extinguished
The cherished ancient flame ;
I know that the oftener I say it,
The less I desire it.
Thou knowest, that a loquacious instinct
Urges lovers to words ;
But while they speak,
The flame spreads no further.
Thus the warrior blames
The cruel contest of Mars ;
Yet again he turns
To the ensigns of war. *
So the happy slave,
Who, freed from pain, returns,
Accustomed to the chains
Which one day he detested.
I speak, but when speaking
I wish to speak of thee ;
I desire not a new love,
I know not to change my faith.
I speak, but yet I ask
Pity for my words ;
I speak, but thou alone
Art always my appeal ;
A heart not inconstant,
So repentant—so sincere.
Ah ! return to console
Thy first beloved.
The beautiful Nice knows,
At least she will not find
In her penitent lover
A deceitful disposition ;

If you give me a gage of peace,
 If blest Nice you restore me my heart,
 So much as I lately sung of disdain,
 Will I now recant for love.

CANZONE FROM PETRARCA.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA—TO THE FAVOURITE TREE—TO THE
 AIR—TO THE FLOWERS OF THE PLACE FREQUENTED BY LAURA.

Oh blessed fountain! to whose hallowed wave
 My lady comes her beauteous limbs to lave,
 And thou, fair tree! on whose extended boughs
 Her peerless form oft leans in sweet repose;
 Oh flow'ry turf! thrice blessed place of rest,
 Stamped with the image of her angel breast:
 And thou, bright sky! beneath whose azure dome
 Love unopposed first made my heart his home;
 To such fair objects would I fain impart
 The last sad feelings of my lonely heart.
 If 'tis decreed, that freed from all my woes,
 These weary eyes I soon in death shall close;
 'Mid these my mortal body fain would lie,
 When turns my soul to seek its home on high;
 This last long-cherished hope could e'en illumine
 The dark and fearful passage of the tomb,
 For never could my weary heart find rest
 In heaven more tranquil than 'mid scenes so blest;
 Nor in a lovelier grave my body lie,
 When breathes my fainting soul its parting sigh.
 Perchance the time may come, when she once more
 May seek her favourite fountain as of yore,
 And on that flow'ry path I oft have trod
 May seek for him who sleeps beneath the sod:
 Then when my humble grave shall greet her eye,
 Inspired by love, may breathe so sweet a sigh,
 That Heaven in pity to those tears and sighs,
 May ope for me the gates of Paradise.
 I well remember, oft has fallen from thee
 A radiant shower of blossoms, blessed tree!
 While she, all heedless of her witching power,
 Sat in meek beauty 'neath the grateful shower:
 Some blossoms kissed the robe that decked my fair,
 And some the silken tresses of her hair;
 Some graceful played amid each sheltering fold,
 Like orient pearls 'mid streaks of burnished gold;
 Some sought the ground, and some the fountain clear,
 But all proclaimed, "Love reigns triumphant here."
 Oft have I said, while tears have filled my eyes,
 Her birth-place was not earth, but Paradise;
 How often has my soul enraptured hung
 Upon the soft sweet accents of her tongue;

All living things forgotten and unseen,
 Save that loved face beaming with smiles serene.
 Such sweet oblivion o'er my soul have shed
 Her peerless charms, that to myself I said,
 Oh, what am I, that thus to me is given,
 With soul yet chained to earth a taste of Heaven?
 Such visions of the past these scenes disclose,
 That here alone my heart can find repose.

SONNETS.—FROM METASTASIO.

WRITTEN AT VIENNA, WHEN PRINCE TRIVULZI RECEIVED THE
 GOLDEN FLEECE FROM THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE SIXTH.

On the first day that the Almighty breath
 Gave form and being to this world beneath,
 Envy was born, and God beheld imbrued
 A brother's hands in Abel's guiltless blood.
 The plague-spot spread, and such its baneful power
 O'er our polluted race, that when the dower
 Of genius to a fellow-man is given,
 The hate of men succeeds the gift of heaven.
 But when Trivulzi, worthy of his sires,
 To new rewards of real worth aspires,
 Even Envy sleeps, nor throws a darkening cloud
 On one whom merit lifts above the crowd.
 Oh teach the world how thou hast crushed that power
 That darkens virtue's most triumphant hour!

WRITTEN AT VIENNA, ON BEING PROCLAIMED ONE OF THE
 ACADEMY OF IRENIAN PASTORS AT PALERMO.

Thou royal eagle! minister of Jove!
 Oh bear me on thy wing to realms above,
 And waft my eager spirit to those plains
 Where angry Vulcan groans beneath his chains.
 Enrolled 'mid those who own poetic fire,
 Teach me with equal skill to touch the lyre;
 Disdain me not, thy state resembles mine,
 We both are vassals; and if it be thine
 To guide the thunderbolt that rends the skies,
 'Tis mine to pant for fame which never dies;
 Nor shall our toil be vain; for thou shalt bring
 New arrows to the footstool of thy king,
 And I, transported to Irenian plains,
 Shall learn to tune my lyre to nobler strains.

THIS AND THE FOLLOWING SONNET WERE COMPOSED AT ROME ON THE
 OCCASION OF THE SIGNORA — ASSUMING THE VESTAL HABIT.

From the umbrageous wood unpierced by day,
 The skilful florist oft selects, and takes
 A plant, which 'neath the sunbeam's genial ray,
 At season due to bloom and beauty wakes;

This to another grafts itself, and soon
 The bright and genial influence appears,
 The heaven-clad stem acknowledges the boon,
 And gracefully its buds and blossoms wears.
 Exalted lady, dost thou understand,
 The florist is the ruler of the earth,
 The world the garden, and thou art the plant?
 Thrice happy plant! no hours of woe or mirth
 Henceforth for thee the changeful year shall bring,
 But heaven shall smile on thee with endless spring.

The stream that unrestrained pursues its course,
 Though limpid first from some steep rock it fell,
 Yet dashing onward soon expends its force,
 And stagnates in some deep sequestered dell.
 But if in close canal it tranquil flows,
 Vigour it takes, and when its course is run,
 A silver fount it forms, and sportive throws
 Its graceful arms to greet the noonday sun.
 Alas! that stream am I, that insecure
 From summer's scorching heat, or winter's frost,
 Grows dull and stagnates in the vale obscure;
 But thou, veiled sister of the sacred host!
 Thou art that stream, which crystalized and pure,
 Leads him to heaven who makes his God his boast.

E. E. E.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

TEETOTALISM;

A LETTER FROM G. W. M. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE,"
 &c. &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR.—It was in 1833 that a few obscure individuals, without name, fortune, or rank, to recommend them to public notice, came up to London from their native provincial towns, met in committee together, and determined to found an association which should consist of members who would forswear the use of intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled. Having observed the progress of the doctrine of moderation, which had been first preached in America, and subsequently in England, and perceiving the total inefficacy of that doctrine when applied as a means of purification to the existing state of society, those individuals above alluded to resolved upon devising some scheme which might effectually arrest the progress of the demon of intemperance, and supersede the possibility of the *abuse* of intoxicating drinks, by abolishing the *use* of them. They saw, from the dictates of reason and from their own experience, that the most abstemious individual was likely to be led away from time to time by the fascinating nature of strong liquors—they knew that man has but small control

over his predilections and the power of volition—and they did not content themselves with merely cutting away the leaves of the poisonous weed, which they found in the great garden of the world, but they uprooted it altogether. They founded a society, the members of which subscribed to a pledge of total abstinence from all inebriating drinks; and when they had done this noble work, they returned each to his home without experiencing a single sentiment of vain pride, and only a feeling of natural satisfaction at the basis of the great moral reformation which they had just established. Thus was it that teetotalism, at its very birth, was a reformation that was eminently honourable to its founders and its first disciples, because it commenced with those who were not urged to propagate it by the promptings of a refined education, but who embraced its principles from the conviction of their own humble but honest minds; and, in sooth, it is a grand spectacle, when the lower grades of society thus set a great and brilliant example to the upper classes,—when the poor man teaches the rich one the road to happiness and contentment—when the uneducated overcome all the sophistry of the learned, in respect to this one grand principle of social reformation—when the cottage of the labourer can boast of that purification which has not yet reached the mansion of the patrician—when a grand impulse is given by the masses, and is rapidly working upwards to the palaces of the great—and when a lesson of forbearance and morality is taught, *not* from the pulpits of cathedrals and great churches—*not* from the benches of the House of Commons—*not* from the bosom of the learned societies—*not* from the columns of the newspaper press—but from the platforms of Total Abstinence Societies!

Teetotalism strongly recommends all *natural* means of producing a proper excitement in the human frame, and only discountenances *unnatural* means. Exercise, whether by walking, riding, or running, or a good meal of wholesome victuals, are the natural means; and strong drinks which ruin the coats of the stomach and injure the intellectual powers, are the unnatural means. Exercise produces a healthy excitement; but strong drinks must never be used as an artificial means of producing excitement. The principles of Teetotalism recommend the general adoption of the former means, and discountenance the latter; and this objection to the latter is founded upon the conviction—*first*, that the excitement produced by strong drinks is unnatural, because it arises from artificial means, and means that involve a habit without which health and intellect continue unimpaired. *Secondly*, that if a natural means of producing a necessary degree of excitement exist, we should not have recourse to other means, which, even if calculated to produce the desired effect in one way, would injure the body in another. *Thirdly*, that if strong drink be taken as a means of procuring that excitement above alluded to, the *use*, as proved by an undeniable experience, frequently leads to the *abuse*, and from the abuse result all kinds of maladies and crimes; and *fourthly*, that the experience of five millions of existing Teetotallers, and the example of thousands of savages, amongst whom alcoholic drinks have only been lately introduced, prove that man can live without those drinks—that he is better in health and mind without them—and that they are in

no way necessary to existence; but, on the contrary, are highly injurious to the physiological and mental economy of organized beings.

Now, even if alcoholic drinks were healthy and wholesome, the Teetotallers would still preach a crusade against their use, because they intoxicate; and from intoxication emanate poverty, disease, and crime. Consult the evidence given by police-magistrates before the House of Commons in 1834, or read the annals of crime, and you will find that nearly all deeds of turpitude emanate from *intoxication*. Consult medical men, and they will tell you that many diseases spring from *intoxication*; and use your own powers of survey, reader, and you will see that more than half the poverty and wretchedness of the lower orders may also be traced to *intoxication*. Thus, even if alcoholic drinks were not calculated to impair the healthy tone of the body, or ruin the intellect, sufficient causes are found in social life to recommend a total abstinence from them.

The habit of intoxication has increased to such a frightful extent, that only a measure of total abstinence can correct it. An extreme case requires an extreme remedy; and experience has shown that the temptation must be altogether removed. No such thing as moderate indulgence can be allowed by any one who has maturely considered the subject. Intoxicating drinks are not nutritious. It is a grand mistake to preach to the poor man the necessity of strengthening himself with porter or ale, because those fermented liquors contain no more nutriment than the solid substance to which they can be reduced,—or, in other words, than the quantity of barley that has been used in the water with which other ingredients are mixed. Half of a penny loaf contains more nourishment than a pot of porter; and a glass of the best wine does not possess more nutritious power than two grains of wheat. It is, moreover, blasphemous to imagine that the Saviour of mankind could, at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, countenance a habit, even in its most remote degree, which is the greatest scourge that ever was introduced upon earth. At all events, if Teetotalism be wrong, its advocates do no harm, and may do *some* good; we *know* that we can exist without strong drinks,—and we have good reason for supposing that we can be more healthy without them; we are therefore right in avoiding those beverages which *might* lead to intoxication, for intoxication is the gate which conducts its victims to the workhouse, the felon's gaol, the hospital, or the lunatic asylum.

Some of the opponents to Teetotalism have grounded their arguments upon the fact that air and water are composed of stimulating poison; and that the votaries of Teetotalism should therefore preach against the necessity of a continuation in being, as well as against the use of water. This ridiculous argument is easily answered. The *separate* qualities of the ingredients of water and air would, in their application to the human frame, be fatal; but, *when compounded together*, they are perfectly innoxious. The most wholesome fruits and vegetables contain the elements of poisons, which, if they existed alone in those substances, would prove injurious and fatal to man; but as they are mixed up with other ingredients, which act as correctives, they become nutritious and wholesome. Thus, air and water, in their present condition, are *not* poisons. The opponents to

Teetotalism may as well say that sugar is a poison, because a chemical manipulation may change it into oxalic acid.

The same remarks apply to the vegetable kingdom, the constituent elements of which are carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. "The poisonous upas and the nutritious grape,—the fragrant rose and the nauseous assafœtida; the refreshing foliage, and the delicate tints of the vast arcana of vegetable nature, each owe their peculiar quality to these simple substances."* The specific and relative qualities of the elements of all things decide their peculiar properties; and thus may a skilful chemist convert the wholesome air in a room into a foetid exhalation in which human beings will immediately die,—or rob the nitric acid of its poisonous principles; and yet both air and nitric acid are composed of the same elements—nitrogen and oxygen—united, of course, in different proportions. "Few persons, however, would be bold enough to assert that nitric acid is contained in the air; or that air, when it comes in contact with the lungs, is productive of the same fatal results as would arise from contact with the former potent and corrosive substance."†

It is easy to see how these arguments apply. It is asserted that alcohol exists in nature; whereas alcohol, instead of being a genuine product of distillation, is merely separated by this process from the other materials with which it was connected. Alcohol is eliminated from vegetable matter during the process of fermentation; and this fermentation is one of the first results of the decay or decomposition of vegetable matter. "The elements of alcohol, indeed, are to be found throughout the whole of vegetable creation, and so are the elements of other deleterious substances, but not a particle of alcohol itself. So long as the chemistry of life retains its sway, will the constituent materials of vegetable matter hold together in the relation in which nature has placed them. Death, however, or in other words, decomposition, subverts this natural arrangement, dissolves its connexions, and new and totally different combinations are thereby formed. So it is with alcohol. In wine this poison undergoes evolution during the decay or decomposition of the juice of the grape; in malt liquors man destroys the vital principle of the barley, by converting it into malt, and then subjects it to another artificial process, which produces results similar to those which take place in the production of wine."‡ These observations are a sufficient reply to those who declare that alcohol exists in nature, that it is consequently a good creature of God, and fitted for our use.

The Teetotallers are determined to pursue the path of moral reformation which they have commenced, in exposing the horrors of intemperance, and in appealing to the sympathies of the philanthropic to assist them in this important undertaking. Wherefore should they meet with the opposition and ridicule of the press? Should they not be praised, instead of laughed at, for their attempts to reform society? And let those journalists who *have* asserted, and *do* assert, that Tee-

* "Bacchus," by R. B. Grindrod.

† Ibid.

‡ "Bacchus." This admirable work, by an eminent surgeon of Manchester, deserves the attentive perusal of all persons, whether favourable or averse to the doctrines of total abstinence.

totalism is too extreme a measure to remain permanent,—let those writers know that the disciples of this new creed are too deeply attached to the principles of moral and social salvation to abandon them on a sudden, as a man in a moment of despair would consign his soul to Satan. These journalists, while they write against Teetotalism, must deprecate the immoderate use of intoxicating drinks, and would gladly substitute moderation-measures as a means of reform. But we tell them that a mere moderation-doctrine will not prove a sufficient corrective, and nothing but the ultra system of total abstinence will suffice. If, then, they wish to reform society—if they really have the good of their fellow-countrymen at heart, let them advocate the only measure calculated to ensure reformation. They acknowledge the existence of the evil, but they will not admit the only commensurate method of its extirpation. Let us, however, hope that they will speedily unite in this grand and glorious cause. Already does the world begin to feel assured that, though all truths must of necessity converge towards the same point, they need not take the same direction; but they are like rivers, fed from one source, and flowing into one bosom, which if seen only at particular points, would give us little reason to suppose their origin and end the same; for it is the powerless eyes of intellect, which, unable at once to pursue their mighty range, mistake the deviations from the course for the course itself, and judge of the little sinuosities of the little sections which their restricted vision can command. But as the sphere of that vision becomes enlarged, and as the chart of knowledge embraces an ampler space, we shall often smile at the ignorance which has kept us timid and distrustful on the banks of some forbidden stream, on whose waters we shall then be floating with security and joy, confident of being wafted through some unknown outlet into the great ocean of truth—an ocean which stretches from earth to heaven!

If the frightful consequences of intemperance were exposed in all their plenitude and nakedness, they would form a dark antithesis to the glowing statements that have been imposed upon the world by those whose wickedness or whose interests have prompted them to advocate the most abominable vice that ever darkened the reputation of a civilized country, or stigmatized the integrity of a government. The government gives the utmost encouragement to the vice of intemperance. On Sunday the public-houses are allowed to be open, and the baker's shop is shut up by legislative enactment. The sot may get drunk, and procure the means of desecrating the sabbath, but the starving mendicant may not obtain a penny loaf. And then this government, which encourages the vice of intemperance, because it derives a handsome revenue from the quantity of intoxicating liquors consumed in the country, *hangs* the unfortunate wretch who commits crime when under the influence of maddening beverages. Would a lunatic, who escaped from Saint Luke's and committed a murder, be hanged? And in what, then, does the difference consist, save in the cause and in its duration, between the insanity of the inmate of Saint Luke's, and that which characterizes the drunken man? On the morning of the day on which he murdered his wife, William Lees procured her medicine, and tendered her all the consolations which an

invalid woman has a right to expect from her husband ; but, in the afternoon, when his brain was clouded with the illusions of liquor, and when the unfortunate man's imagination was entirely maddened by the artificial means of excitement, he committed a deed at which he would have shuddered in his sober moments. We wonder how Lord Normanby can sleep at night, when he reflects upon the case of William Lees.

But let us revert once more to the dangers attending the moderate use of intoxicating liquors. No one, when he commences the moderate use of these beverages, intends to be a drunkard ; no one, at the beginning of his career, anticipates a life of intemperance and inebriety. The fascinating habit gains upon him ; day by day does he increase the amount of his potations ; and in process of time he presents to his friends the degraded example of a miserable drunkard. The generality of men have not sufficient command over themselves to be contented with a small quantity : and the founders of all new systems legislate for the masses and not for the few. It is sufficient for many to taste one drop, to unhinge months or years of sobriety and abstinence. Abstinence is far more easy than moderation ; and no specific line of demarcation could be drawn between temperance and excess. A glass of strong liquor will produce upon one man the same effects which result from a pint drunk by another. No specific quantity could be assigned as the mid-way stage which might be denominated temperance ; and as it would be ridiculous for any association of reformers to commence their labours upon a principle so ill-defined as one which admits the propriety of each man partaking of as much liquor as he can imbibe without danger of experiencing inconvenience,—mere temperance measures are evidently impracticable, and incapable of working out the great moral reformation projected by the Luthers, the Calvins, and the Melancthons of Teetotalism.

We must be ridiculous indeed if we admit that the practices and ways of our ancestors can consecrate evil customs. The scene has changed,—our long night at the tomb of antiquity is broken and changed for ever. The spirit song of the past still floats melodiously around us ; but our ears are filled with a louder and with a nearer strain—the pæan of an enfranchised intellect. Rarely and furtively should we look to the past, for the prejudice of the age is against authority ! Teetotalism is intimately connected with the philosophy and wisdom of the present day, because it triumphs over the prejudices of the past, and dares assert opinions which militate against the usages of antiquity. How noble a destiny to be, from the first glimmering of our reason, brought into contact with that active and productive knowledge which is everywhere scattering its riches over the surface of society—to be no longer immured within a narrow space, splendidly adorned with the remnants of antiquity, but where our voices could awaken no echoes save of the past, and our minds acquire no more than a conjectured knowledge of the present—to receive the revelation, not of other men's minds, but of Nature—to possess the key to her oracles—to listen to the wisdom she teaches—and boldly to follow whithersoever she vouchsafes to lead !

And now a word upon the existing state of Teetotalism. This doctrine has at present upwards of five millions of votaries ; and local

societies or associations are formed at almost every town in the United Kingdom. Many of these local societies act as correspondent branches or auxiliaries to the great London associations; and it will therefore be to these parent constituent bodies that we shall for the present direct the attention of the reader. There are three great societies in London. The first is called "The British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance," and is represented by the *Temperance Intelligencer*, a penny weekly paper published by Mr. Pasco in Paternoster-row. This association is the most ancient, and is presided over by Earl Stanhope. Its business is generally transacted in a spirit of fairness and impartiality with regard to the other societies; and its achievements in the good cause have been vast and manifold. The second society is the "United Temperance Association," which is represented by *The Teetotaler* journal—a periodical of the same size as *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, published hebdomadally at twopence, and conducted by the writer of this article, who is a member of the United Temperance Association. This society was established in January last, by Mr. H. W. Weston, and had for its object the union in one vast whole of all the disjointed sects and parties of Teetotalers. This principle has become a favourite one, and the United Temperance Association is accordingly the most flourishing of all the similarly constituted societies. The third society to which we alluded above, is "The New British and Foreign Temperance Society," the members of which are very numerous, and are of course entirely innocent of the mismanagement which characterizes this body, because the committees are alone responsible for the mode of administration adopted by a society. The New British and Foreign Temperance Society is, however, rapidly crumbling to pieces: its branches and auxiliaries are passing over to the other two great associations; and before six months shall have elapsed, it will cease to occupy a place in the metropolitan list of Teetotal constituencies.

We shall conclude this article with a few observations upon wines, and malt and spirituous liquors, in order to prove that the deleterious properties of these beverages are not a small portion of the arguments which Teetotalism brings forward to support itself, and refute its opponents.

The annual importation of port wine into the United States *alone* exceeds all the annual produce of the Alto Douro. What wretched practices must therefore be had resort to, in order to adulterate the real, and fabricate the fictitious wine which bears this name, to supply all the markets of the world! A vintner's *Wine-Guide* supplies the following receipt for making "the best port wine:"—"Take of good cider four gallons, of the juice of red beet-root two quarts, brandy two quarts, logwood four ozs., rhatany-root bruised a quarter of a pound: first infuse the logwood and rhatany-root in brandy and a gallon of the cider for one week; then strain off the liquor, and mix the other ingredients: keep it in a cask for a month; it will then be fit to bottle." The Cape wine generally sold to the public is composed (as Mr. Grindrod, in his "*Bacchus*," informs us) of the drippings of the cocks from the various casks in the adulterators' cellars, the filtering of the lees of wine, any description of bad or spoiled white

wines, with the addition of brandy and spoiled cider. The "Vintner's and Licensed Victualler's Guide" contains the following delicious prescription:—"If a butt of sherry is too high in colour, take a quart of warm sheep or lamb's blood—mix it with the wine, and when thoroughly fine, draw it off, when you will find the colour as pale as necessary." Who will partake of wine after perusing these *diableries*?

Let us now say a few words relative to beer. This liquor, whether under the denomination of ale, or porter, or stout, is absolutely composed of all kinds of abominations in the shape of filth or poisons. In Donovan's "Domestic Economy," we find the following paragraph: "It is absolutely frightful to contemplate the list of poisons and of drugs with which malt liquors have been and are *doctored*. Opium, henbane, cocculus indicus, and Bohemian rosemary (which is said to produce a quick and raving intoxication), supply the place of alcohol: aloes, cassia, gentian, sweet-scented flag, wormwood, horehound, and bitter oranges, fulfil the duties of hops; liquorice, treacle, and mucilage of flax-seed, stand for attenuated malt. Sugar, capsicum, ginger, and cinnamon afford to the exhausted drink the pungency of carbonic acid; and preparations of fish, assisted, in cases of obstinacy, with oil of vitriol, procure transparency." The heading, or froth, is produced by a mixture of alum and copperas ground to a fine powder.

The materials used in adulterating ardent spirits are oil of vitriol, oil of cassia, oil of turpentine, oil of carraways, oil of juniper, oil of almonds, sulphuric æther, extract of capsicums, extract of orris-root, extract of angelica-root, English saffron, spirits of sweet nitre, aqua ammonia, cherry-laurel water, and terra japonica.

Thus is it that the use of malt liquors produces such somniferous effects upon those who partake of them; and that ardent spirits create the raving intoxication associated with their use. Can our readers wonder that the new creed inculcates a total abstinence from such infernal poisons? I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

Hawkwood—a Romance of Italy. In three vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

IF there is one duty of a critic more clearly defined than another, it is that of encouraging every rising star of talent or genius, which may from time to time appear during his critical reign. Although the productions of young authors may not possess the artistic eloquence or regularity of those who have been longer before the public, yet he should by no means blind himself to the vigour of fancy, and the freedom of imagination which such works generally display. Faults which it is evident experience will cure, should be but lightly noticed; or at best the censure should be none other than kind admonition. Vain is it to expect that either in his writings or his conduct any man can ante-date experience—nor is it desirable he should do so. Experience comes soon enough with its blighting influences—soon enough does she blast high aspirations and noble endeavours. She requires not to be hastened, for full quickly by her is the veil withdrawn, and our visioned paradise proved to be a veritable charnel-house of abomination and sin. The invariable effect of experience is to make men, in a greater or less degree,

misanthropes. None have effected aught commendable or great, who have not bravely dared to despise her tyrannical dictates. Besides, experience is blind of one eye, and short-sighted of the other,—hence she only perceives one moiety of any object presented to her, and that but imperfectly. What would have become of the steam-engine, if its inventors had only listened to experience?—Should we have now beheld distance almost annihilated by rail-roads if experience had been exclusively worshipped? Every thing new she declares visionary and wild—everything old perfect and unexceptionable. Pish! Let us emancipate ourselves from her sway, and begin the world afresh!

That the work before us is evidently a first attempt, any competent critic can easily detect. Its style may perhaps be charged with too much diffuseness—but this fault the author will most likely soon discover for himself, and in future avoid. In his delineation of character he shows sufficient power, although his dialogues are sometimes found wanting in intensity. *Hawkwood* is essentially a work of promise—valuable, not so much for what it is, as for what it declares its author may hereafter produce. There is much more fancy than invention shown in its construction—more delicacy than vigour. Still in it there is much that is elegant, excellent, and affecting—much that will improve while it amuses the reader.

There are two characters in this novel, of which we may speak with especial praise. These are General Hawkwood and John Geleazzo Visconti. The latter, indeed, has such a prominent part assigned him that he eclipses the nominal hero of the piece—one Alfred Nevil, a Scot adventurer. It might have been as well, however, if the author had not chosen such a vehicle for his story, since Sir Walter Scott has already used it so well in his "*Quentin Durward*;" with which it certainly is not the interest of *any* author to provoke a comparison. The inferior characters are well sketched; although if a few more had been introduced, many of the scenes and groupings would have been more effective. Speaking generally, long conversations between two or even three persons, are apt, unless enlivened by strong antagonistic feeling, to become tedious. It is hard in this case to hit the true medium. Every character should not only be amusing, but either delay or advance the catastrophe, else each would be about as useless as the coachmaker's famed fifth wheel. Hence it is requisite that there should be great revulsions of incident in a novel, which should continually bring all the characters into play, and exhibit their several peculiarities. A careful perusal of the before-mentioned *Quentin Durward*, or the same writer's *Kenilworth*, will best explain our meaning. A number of totally dissimilar characters are in these two works introduced, yet each is fully drawn, and contributes to produce the desired end. But perhaps, after all, the plan pursued by the author of *Hawkwood* is the safest for a young author to adopt.

CATHOLICISM IN BRITAIN.

Conférences sur les Doctrines et les Pratiques les plus Importantes de l'Eglise Catholique. Par NICOLAS WISEMAN.

Traduction de l'Angloise, précédées d'un Essai sur les Progrès et la Situation du Catholicisme en Angleterre. Par M. ALFRED NETTEMENT. Paris, 1839.

[*Dr. Wiseman's Lectures on Catholic Doctrines, Revealed Religion, the Eucharist, Offices of the Holy Week, &c.* London: Bookers.]

THERE exists a large and happily increasing body of truth-searchers both at home and abroad, to whom the considerations opened by the above-mentioned works will be particularly interesting.

Under the name of truth-searchers we particularly allude to those who assume the unity and universality of truth as their indissoluble bond of fellowship. They aspire after the eternal and immutable verity, which at once

outsoars and embraces all the partial relations of science or opinion. They are the men who have developed the transcendental doctrines, which have become so widely diffused over modern Europe; and to them we are also indebted for the best forms of philosophical eclecticism now recognized.

To such minds it is ever most agreeable and profitable to trace the intellectual history of man—they love to observe that universal truth, which is the idol of their studies, perpetually manifesting its partial phases in their harmonic series and order. Her course is to them even like that of the moon passing through the successive transitions of her lustre—each preparing the way for the other, and conquering and yielding by turns, ever identical, yet ever various.

Such truth-loving spirits have been multiplying in Europe from the time of Erasmus to the present hour. Such were Cassander, Calixtus, Grotius, Leibnitz, Bossuet, Du Pin, Lessing, Mendelssohn, Schlegel, Wake, Temple, Cane, Geddes, Hale, Butler, Coleridge, and their admirers. The same theory they patronized has been insinuating itself more and more into our British literature, and now it pervades several of our best periodicals. It is especially observable in the *Monthly Magazine*, the *British and Foreign Quarterly*, and those foreign periodicals which fling the radiance of continental learning over our island. The very newspapers, which hitherto have had little inclination for philosophical inquiries, are beginning to exhibit the same coalitionary temper; several of them are now loudly declaring the necessity of giving all sects and parties their due privileges, according to their deserts.

A particularly important developement of the eclectic theory in France has been accomplished by M. Guizot, in his celebrated letter on Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy. This letter, which has been reviewed at large by the *Monthly Magazine* and *Blackwood's*, points out the benefits to be derived by treating sects and parties with equal favour, so that neither may complain of the other's monopoly; and thus being delivered from the principal causes of strife and jealousy, may live together in reciprocal toleration and affection.

All who sympathize with Guizot's benevolent aspirations, will, on the whole, be well pleased with the opening prospects of our ecclesiastical and civil state. The British monarchy has gradually been developing its inherent excellencies. As a mixed constitution, it includes a mixed population, one third of whom are Catholics, and two thirds Protestants; and of late years it has exhibited a strong disposition to treat these respective thirds with equal generosity. It first threw off a certain monopoly of Catholicism, now it is throwing off a certain monopoly of Protestantism; and henceforth the rule will be "live and let live,"—"a clear stage, and no favour."

Such being the genius of the Britannic constitution, we behold rather with pleasure than annoyance the progress of Catholicism so much talked about. We believe that Catholicism, having been unfairly and unjustly depressed by invidious laws for many years, is now gradually resuming its true level. Now those laws are abrogated it must needs rise, but it will only rise to its proper level; the line of this level will be exactly regulated by the general piety and intelligence of the people.

We want an Adam Smith in Theology as well as in Political Economy. We want a man who can show that the admirable working of the free trade system in religion is no less remarkable than that in commerce. Paley has already done much to evince this point. He has shown that the wisest conduct a government can adopt is to allow the religious sects to find their exact poise and momentum without interference. When this is done, they neither rise too high, nor sink too low; because action and reaction being equal, all things are regulated by a delicate system of equivalents.

In this conviction we look on the labour of Dr. Wiseman in this country rather with a sentiment of kindness than hostility. Though we agree not

with his exclusive preference for Catholicism, we like to see him pleading his cause so eloquently and zealously. Let the cause of Protestantism be pleaded with the same talent, fervour, and learning—the more the better. When each cause is thus advocated heartily and honestly by first-rate men—if any sectarians can be great men—the public has the best chance of arriving at the predominant truth which reigns above their conflicting statements.

Dr. Wiseman is professor of Oriental languages at Rome, and in immediate connexion with the Romish hierarchy. His visit to the British metropolis at the particular crisis of time when the Catholic relief bill had just triumphed, excited the greatest sensation. The devout Catholics regarded him as an angel from heaven; the astounded Protestants as a cacodemon from the shades below. In truth, his appearance was sufficiently noticeable. His dark and powerful countenance commanded attention. The urgency of his manners—the sequency of his arguments—the rapidity of his articulation—all enhanced the impression that he was no common man. We were particularly struck by the accuracy and fluency of his quotations—his memory must be admirable. The polished ease and suavity of his delivery reminded us of Sir W. Follett's pleadings at the bar; and as he proceeded through the long involved elaborations of polemical controversy, he decidedly won on the sympathies and feelings of his audience. Never were such crabbed topics displayed with more of lucid arrangement and graceful illustration. If he failed to convince the head, he at least touched the heart.

When his Lectures were published, half the charm had departed; they did not read so well as we had anticipated; and when in the quiet solitude of our study we began to examine his reasonings critically, we found them deficient in originality, and inconclusive in logic. Still, however, we admired the degree of urbanity with which the author discussed the opinions of Protestants; his polite phraseology afforded a most pleasing contrast to the rude abuse and sarcasm which usually abound in volumes of controversial divinity.

Such as they are they are now translated into French, and will be next year repeated in German. They will, therefore, demand the attention of critics of all orders; and all the points in debate will be discussed for the thousand and first time with the usual allowance of virulence.

In the present article, however, we do not wish to plunge into the details of the dispute. We prefer following out the opinions of Guizot, and those who strive to combine and harmonize the true points of doctrine and discipline that are common alike to the Catholic and Protestant churches.

In proportion as this is done successfully, will both churches approximate to their best condition, *harmony in liberty*.

SERIALS.

No. XXI., July, 1840. *The British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal*. The best of the Reviews.

No. X. of the New Series of *The Heads of the People* is quite equal to its predecessors.

Part XX. *History of Napoleon*, published by Tyas, progresses well.

Part XVII. *Kenny Meadow's Illustrated Shakspeare*, (part of *Cymbeline* and part of *Taming of the Shrew*) is admirable.

Part I., Sept. 1st, 1840. *A Topographical History of Surrey*. By EDWARD WEDLAKE BRAYLEY, F.S.A., &c. &c. assisted by JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A., &c.; and E.W. BRAYLEY, Jun. F.L.S. and F.G.S. The Geological Section by GIDEON MANTELL, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

The names of the authors here are sufficient pledge that the book will be well conducted. The part before us justifies the guarantee. The illustrations are beautiful, and the letter-press both elegant and accurate.

THE PROGRESS OF THEATRICAL REFORM.

THE tocsin that we have sounded regarding the state of the stage has re-sounded far and wide—all manner of publications have echoed the terrible menace touching the decline and fall of Britain's theatre. But however much we might have hoped success with the Protestant intelligence, we confess that we anticipated not we should make an impression upon the Papalist apathy, notwithstanding the Catholic spirit of our professions and performances. The Roman credist has hitherto held himself so much aloof from literature in general, and from British literature and all that appertains to it, in particular, that it never entered into our guesses that he would be capable of being roused by any clamour of the kind. But it seems we were mistaken. The last number of the *Dublin Review* has an article on the Stage, with reference to Mr. Bunn's volumes, Sir E. L. Bulwer's melo-dramas, Serjeant Talfourd's tragedies, and Mr. Heraud's *Roman Brother*.

The writer of the article in question is a shrewd fellow, but nothing more. It is quite evident that he knows little of English literature beyond what his present connexion with the *Dublin Review* now brings before him. With everything else he is unacquainted, except with the names of those authors whose names are equally well known to the gentle and the simple, the learned and the vulgar. The deep and secret places of our literature he is ignorant of—and equally incapable of penetrating to the deep and the secret in anything. Hence he writes profanely, without reverence, and in perfect scorn of authorship. He is a snarling critic—not one who is the poet's brother, or at least his cousin-german; he is merely an editor's dog, placed under the table, not to bite, but to keep his guests in perpetual remembrance of their shins, and a nervous impatience to be gone. He manifests a sense of intrusion whenever a man appears in print. Why should not the traditions of the church substitute the use of books? He judges, where he should worship; questions, where he should adore.

He is guilty, accordingly, of all manner of heresies. Arguing upon the most insufficient of inductions, he declares that in a psychological sense the taste for the drama is dead with the English. He recognizes in the drama no principle that can never die, and sees not in every poet an apostle in whom to believe. He accordingly confounds the amiable Mr. Serjeant Talfourd with the vain Sir Ed. L. Bulwer, and the arrogant Macready with the really modest Charles Kemble. Nevertheless, he is an advocate on the right side; for in whatever his sympathies may be wanting, his antipathies are rightly directed and strongly expressed.

We therefore hail the Dublin reviewer as a fellow-counsel in the cause; but we cannot sacrifice to him one iota of principle. We hold that dramatic genius yet lives, and taste in the public to appreciate it, and we demand that all practical operations be pursued in the faith of this assurance. We are glad that the minor theatres are feeling the impulse; that they claim to themselves to perform the legitimate drama. The monopoly of the patent theatres has, in fact, died a natural death; all that is needed is, that the legislature should decree its burial; until then, it is not to be expected that the Surrey Theatre

should be able to produce much better pieces than the *SPARTACUS* of Jacob Jones. This play, however, was meant by its author for a regular tragedy, and on the part of the management is an aspiration after the right thing. We are therefore desirous of encouraging all such attempts. They are straws that indicate the quarter in which the wind blows. Witness the fact, that the first night of the performance of *Spartacus* was attended by a very *vulgar* audience, and the last by a very *decent* one in the pit. Such a fact speaks volumes. With a still better play, such as Mr. Kenney's *Sicilian Vespers*, better results have been realized.

The *Haymarket Theatre* has announced a new play, in five acts, from the pen of Mr. Serle, and *Covent Garden* has performed another from that of Mr. James Sheridan Knowles. One is an actor's and the other a poet's play—and their merit is, accordingly, diverse in kind. Mr. Serle has, at the command of Mr. Macready, reduced his play to a monodrama; Mr. Knowles has kept the fair proportions of his. One is a play for a time, the other for all times. As Mr. Knowles' play has been acted, we shall proceed to review it first.

J. S. KNOWLES' TRAGEDY OF "JOHN OF PROCIDA; OR, THE BRIDALS OF MESSINA."

To dramatic poetry two things are essentially requisite :—*Imprimis*, that the writer of it should, in the first instance, be a poet, and, in the second, that he should be a dramatic poet. In carrying out these two principles, or this one dual principle, we have been compelled to withhold from Sir Ed. L. Bulwer the credit which he so presumptuously claims, inasmuch as the baronet wants the very first requisite of all, the gods not having made him poetical; or, to speak more unequivocally, **HE IS NO POET!** Poetical he may seem to himself and to others who are as incompetent judges as himself of what poetry is or ought to be—that is, he has possessed himself of certain metrical phrases, of a certain meretricious poetical diction, which, after Wordsworth's example, any man of enlightened understanding would be ashamed to adopt—but no self-delusion, no want of judgement in his admirers, could ever lead either them or himself to assert, that he, the said Sir Ed. L. Bulwer, Baronet, M. P., was, or is, or ever will be a — **POET.** Preposterous as the vanity of the man is, we should inveterately disbelieve that even he could be fool or fool-hardy enough to assert so monstrous an assumption. There is certainly no knowing the absurd extreme to which vanity so egregious as the baronet's may carry an individual. The ape that claims to be a man, may claim to be a Newton, or a Shakspeare—but while there remains the smallest doubt whether Sir Ed. L. Bulwer be only a monkey, or man, or less, we will give to the accused the benefit of the doubt, and suppose him to have been born with, and still to retain, some small portion of reason sufficient to guard so profane a person from pretending to so sacred a character. Let us catch Sir Ed. L. Bulwer calling himself a poet, and if we let him escape, having him within sword's length, heaven forgive us! Not being a poet, therefore, all Sir Ed. L. Bulwer's attempts in the dramatic line manifest the playwright only—not the dramatic poet!

Mrs. Hemans' *Vespers of Palermo* show us what can and cannot

be done by mere poetic diction in the absence of the dramatic spirit. Turn from this to Mr. James Sheridan Knowles' *John of Procida*, and some conception may be formed of the difference between this and true dramatic poetry. Mr. Knowles is no mere phrasist, but a true and living poet, whose words are things. Ay, and some of the finest things in the whole range of Britain's drama are to be found in the tragedy before us. The scene is laid in Messina, for thither has John di Procida retired, and there he learns of the intended nuptials of his son Fernando with the daughter of Messina's governor;—of his son, hitherto supposed dead, as having been left at four years old sleeping in his father's castle, when it was sacked and destroyed,—that very governor himself being the destroyer and the violator of Fernando's mother. Disguised as a cordelier, John di Procida intercepts the marriage ceremony, already inauspiciously delayed by the slaughter, in the open streets, of Angelo Martini, Fernando's foster-father, and claims a private interview, which, after much hesitation, is granted.

The picturesque grouping of the four scenes that compose the first act cannot be too highly praised; but the construction and effect of the second act is equally unparalleled by example, and unrivalled in effect.

It consists of one scene only, between John di Procida and his son Fernando. They stand amidst the ruins of columns and temples, in a Sicilian mountain pass, from which the distant Etna is visible. To that the elder first points the attention of the younger Procida, and from thence takes occasion to dilate on the wrongs that Sicily had suffered from the French; and, after rebuking him for his want of patriotism, proceeds to tax the young man's feelings by questioning him on his parentage.

Procida. Hast thou a father, still
I say to thee?

Fernando. Thy sword, or I'm upon thee!

Procida. Then wilt thou have a murder on thy soul,
For from my stand I will not budge an inch,
Nor move, so far, my arm to touch my sword,
Until thou answer'st me. Hast thou a father?

Fernando (bursting into tears). No,—no! thou churlish, harsh,
remorseless man—

That bait'st me with thy coarse and biting words,
As boors abroad let loose unmuzzled dogs
Upon a tether'd beast! my arm withheld
By thy defencelessness, that hast defence
At hand, but will not use it—who art thou
To use me thus? to do me shameful wrong
And then deny me means to right myself?
What have I done to thee to use my heart
As if its strings were thine to strain or rend!
Thou mak'st my veins hot with my boiling blood,
And not content, thou followest it up,
Mine eyes inflaming with my scalding tears,
Thou kindless, ruthless man! Hast thou a father?
I never knew one!

Procida (aside). I thank God!

Fernando. Thou hadst

A father—hadst a father's training—O
 How blest the son that hath! O Providence,
 What is there like a father to a son?
 A father, quick in love, wakeful in care,
 Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
 Severe in honour, perfect in example,
 Stamp'd with authority! Hadst such a father?
 I knew no training, save what fostering
 Did give me, in the mood; and was bestow'd
 Like bounty to a poor dependant; which
 He might take or leave. Those who protected me
 Were masters of my native land, not sons.
 How could I learn the patriot's lofty lesson?
 They told me Sicily had given me birth,
 But then they taught me also I was son
 To a contentless and ungracious mother.
 And they were kind to me. What wouldst thou have
 Of a young heart, but what you'd ask of wax—
 To take the first impression given to it?
 Except that, unlike wax, it is not quick
 What once it takes to render up again.

Procida (aside). O, my poor boy!

Fernando. If thou hadst a father,
 'Twas cruel, knowing that thou wast so rich,
 To taunt me, where, knew'st not that I was poor,
 Thou mightst at least suspect my poverty.
 How had I loved my father! He had had
 The whole of my heart. I would have given it him
 As a book to write in it whate'er he would.
 I never had gainsaid him—never run
 Counter to him. I had copied him, as one
 A statue doth of the rare olden virtue,
 In jealous, humble imitation
 I had lived to pleasure him. Before I had
 Disgraced him, I had died.

Such appeals excite Fernando to patriotic emotion—but his father will not be satisfied with less than a rational service to the sacred cause of country.

Fernando. What shall I do?

Procida. What mean you?

Fernando. What shall I do?

Give me the glove!

Procida. My son!

Fernando. The gauntlet of
 The martyr king!

Procida. There!—Stop! Not now, my son;
 I find thee quick in the affection
 Thou owest me, and which, like a new spring
 Just struck upon, doth bubble richly up
 And run an ample torrent. No, my son;
 I will not take advantage of the burst
 To let it hurry thee along with it.
 A sudden change and violent, is scarce
 A lasting one. Thou mightst repent it. No;
 I'll prove thee ere thou join'st the holy cause.
 Thou to Messina shalt return once more,
 Before thou see'st her free. My word was given.

Thou art a man. Men that uphold the name
Act, not from impulse, but reflection.
Declare thy meditated nuptials things
Thy duty to thy neighbour and thy God
Compels thee to abandon. Then come back,
From every let released, and take the oath,
And live the son of John of Procida.

Fernando. When I can say thy first behest is done,
I'll show myself to thee. Farewell!

[*Goes out.*]

Procida. Farewell!

How suddenly his visage brighten'd up,
At mention of returning to Messina.
What speed is there! Is't all on my account?
Now he is gone, my heart misgives me. What
Have I done? Why do we pray that we be spared
Temptation, but that 'tis a whirlpool, which,
Once we're within its vortex, draws us in
And sucks us down to ruin—Charybdis like!
Which of the huge war-galley makes as light,
As boat, compared to that, a cockle-shell!
Whence should all men that love their souls beware
Temptation. I will call him back! He is out
Of hearing. Should his love for her be strong?
I did not note if she was very fair.
But souls were never made for eyes to read,
Strongly—and oh how strongly woman loves—
And there lies woman's beauty. If she loves—
The force of two hearts must he struggle with.
I'll trust in Heaven! Alas! how many men
Do trust in Heaven, when they betray themselves!
If he's my son—! I talk with fifty years
For counsellors! O, it was oversight,
Preposterous in a father! If I have found
My son to lose him—best I ne'er had found him.
Yet ere I lose him I will risk my life—
Risk all—except the sacred cause I'm sworn to.

This scene, is, without exception, the greatest, not only of the present, but of all Mr. Knowles' plays. It is, in fact, altogether an experiment relative to the English stage, which has proved successful, but will find few imitators. It is a triumph of genius. A scene between two persons only, and that scene an act—and yet throughout of thrilling—of sustained interest! Yes! Knowles! thou art an admirable poet!

But if admirable in the second act, what shall we say of him in the third act, where he has presented us with a vision of womanly purity, such as seems to have haunted the dreams of Shakspeare? Isoline, notwithstanding all mischances, insists on considering her virtual marriage as a real one—she meets her reluctant lover with irresistible self-devotion—patriotism itself must yield to the primal irresistible passion which is the first, the creative principle of the universe. Never was scene so beautiful as this—and its beauty was as triumphant over the hearts of the audience as was the loveliness of Isoline over that of Fernando.

The spirit that animated the poet during the composition of this drama made it with him a necessity that love should triumph in its

catastrophe ; that love should soften horror. We fear that the argument of a massacre, however fit for a stern tragedy of the highest sort in itself, is unsuited to a promiscuous audience. The art of the dramatist, therefore, for the stage is exerted in avoiding the real terrors of such a subject. Mr. Knowles' view of the character of John di Procida helps him in this kind. Our brother-bard is no maker of impossible heroes ; but when he has elevated human nature to its summit, he suffers the moral feelings to intervene and gently win it back to a humbler level. In the present instance, the hero of the drama is not a martial victor, but a moral leader. It is by the power of eloquence that the wonders he initiates are wrought. The poet describes him therefore as passing eloquent, and gives him striking opportunities of exhibiting his eloquence, but withdraws him from the scene of action. This is the whole argument of the play, which is thus clearly and poetically propounded in the introductory scene :—

Guiscardo. His words were fire—both light and heat ! At once
With zeal they warm'd us, and convinced with reason.

I had read and heard of eloquence before,
How 'tis despotic ; takes the heart by storm,
Whate'er the ramparts, prejudice, or use
Environ it withal ; how, 'fore its march,
Stony resolves have given way like flax ;
How it can raise, or lay, the mighty surge
Of popular commotion, as the wind,
The wave that frets the sea ;—but, till to-day,
I never proved its power. When he began,
A thousand hearers prick'd their ears to list,
With each a different heart ; when he left off,
Each man could tell his neighbour's, by his own.

Stephano. Is't John of Procida ?

Guiscardo. So rumour says.

Who else ? The constant'st friend of Sicily ;
The friend that loves, yet suffers for his love.
Heard'st ever lips before, with power like his ?
A holy man, and brigand, near me stood,
Wedge'd by the press together ; churlishly
They first endured their compell'd neighbourhood,
And shrank from contact they would fain escape :
The one with terror ; and with scorn the other,
Who blaz'd with life and passion, like a torch
Beside a taper ;—such the man of prayer
Appear'd, in contrast with the freebooter.
But, lo ! the change ! soon as the orator
That universal chord, with master skill,
Essay'd—the love of country—like two springs,
Ravines apart, whose waters blend at last
In some sweet valley ; leaning cheek to cheek,
Attracted by resistless sympathy,
Their tears together ran, one goodly river !
Hark ! the dispersing crowd, taking their leave
From the last hill-tops. Let us join them.

[*They cheer.*]

Stephano. Hither
Come Andrea and John of Procida.
Let's on, my friend, nor interrupt their converse,
For it seems deep, and earnest.

Guiscardo. Have with you.

I would Fernando had been here, that friend
I scarce can boast, yet can't refrain to love.
If there be latent virtue in his blood,
O' the kind endears the land that gives us birth,
Such heart enforcement sure had called it forth !

How finely written is this brief dialogue—yet how simply ! and if we bear the design of the poet, as thus stated, in mind, we shall not be disposed to find fault, as some have done, with the poet's last two acts. His hero is an orator—has become an orator from fatal necessity, and the sufferance of intolerable wrongs. But the exercise of oratory as an art, has roused his own intellect, and awakened feelings of the true and great, such as without that practice would never have risen before his imagination. Wisely, therefore, is he withdrawn from the scene of action to one of meditation and of private interest, where his own heart might receive the softening that it needed—be unstrung from that high pitch of indignation to which it had been previously exasperated, and redeemed to that tenderer mood which was expedient to prepare him for the proper government of the land that he had liberated. With this power is he invested at the moment he is mourning over the corse of his son, who, in the *mêlée* of the massacre, has fallen a victim with his bride to mistaken vengeance. The manner in which the son Fernando is drawn is entitled to unqualified praise. The apology for the sort of man he has become is satisfactory, and his conduct is the natural evolution of such an individuality.

The burthen of the drama then rests with the two Procidas, and Isoline ; and these characters in representation were supported in a style seldom realized. Mr. Moore fully justified the hopes of the author of whom he is a *protégé*. He showed a power of elocution and an energy of purpose, both in the conceptive and executive parts of his profession, that fully satisfied the judicious, and delighted by their effects the many. Mr. Anderson deserves too the highest praise for his poetic feeling and graceful embodiment. His performance in the second act was exceedingly touching—nay, the sense of remorse that he contrived to show for having drawn his sword upon his father, was a sign of genius which leads us to hope much better things of Mr. Anderson than we had previously conceived. But thus it is, that, as opportunity is given to actors, they will improve. The narrow system, which is now passing away, has been destructive both to actor and to author. But better days are coming.

Now let us turn to Ellen Tree ; and here permit us to assert that we recognize in her efforts more than acting. There is soul in all she does. It is a spiritual life that animates a *physique* else weak. But it is not a loud voice, nor a large person that prevails most on the heart—but high feeling, strong moral sense, and natural expression. All these Miss Tree has in perfection. Hence her success.

Such being the powers of his performers, the manager need not shrink from the representation of tragedy this season. Nay—he must not. If he does, he commits a very suicide. But on this point and others, we would address a word or two to him. Listen !

Let us revert to Mr. Bunn's Stage for a moment. This gentleman

tells us that when Mr. Macready announced Sir E. L. Bulwer's *Duchess de la Valliere*, he commended it to managerial notice as "a first-rate play written by a first-rate author." Sure, the last clause was a pleonasm! Is not the man who has written a first-rate play a first-rate author? Truly! But nevertheless such was not the Macready notion of the matter. His plan was (in which, heaven be thanked! he has most signally failed) to trade, not on first-rate plays, but on first-rate authorial names! To him the merit of the play was nothing, but the writer's cognomen every thing. What then? the actor's private interest seemed involved in this plan; besides, the period during which it reigned was but one of transition. By the steps that we have erewhile explained, the manager had nearly annihilated the actor with the author; and now for the actor's sake, it was prudent to fall back on the author—but this with a mental reservation on the actor's part, that his supremacy should be saved. All such reservations must now be abandoned. In an individual instance or so they might last for a time—but at length names only will not serve. A good play is the thing wanted, and if certain authors of note cannot write such, the public will desert the theatre. Nay, it must be a *great* play to do the business thoroughly.

So much is a *great* play needed, that *Blackwood's Magazine* for last month prophesied that *Covent Garden Theatre* must close in the middle of the season, unless a great tragedy be produced. Let them say what they will, the *Covent Garden company* can perform both great and good plays. Mr. Knowles' tragedy is both; but no theatre will perform its duty unless it produce *four* such in a season. We can tell Mr. Mathews, for his comfort, that they veritably exist. We know of more than half-a-dozen—more than one of them accepted by the best actors over and over again from Young to Macready, and ultimately thrown upon their authors' hands. Why? because they had written first-rate plays without being first-rate authors—or rather because they were not men of rank and fashion, but only God-made poets, sown up and down here and there in a desert-world. Not upon names, but on works like these, Mr. Mathews must depend. We can help him, we say, to some half-dozen or more of such plays, by men whom we have reason to respect, as good neighbours as well as good poets, and who, if encouraged, will support any theatre for half-a-century to come. We ask, once for all,—shall these men be employed? We *demand* that they *SHALL*! It is much to the honour of Mr. Sheridan Knowles that in this feeling he consents with us. Not upon old plays, but upon new ones, produced by men of genius, the theatre must depend. To revive Shakspeare, or any of his contemporaries, is to destroy living dramatic genius. We have but one house where there is the least hope. *Covent Garden Theatre*, we hope, is the arena provided by destiny for this grand experiment.

No further dependence can be placed on the patent monopoly. Look at *Drury Lane*! and then look at the *Haymarket*, without such patent! The *Haymarket*, however, is an actors' theatre. *Covent Garden* must be an authors'. Let Mr. Mathews conduct it on this principle, and we pledge our judgment that he will find it a profitable management for a quarter of a century to come. *Verbum sap.*